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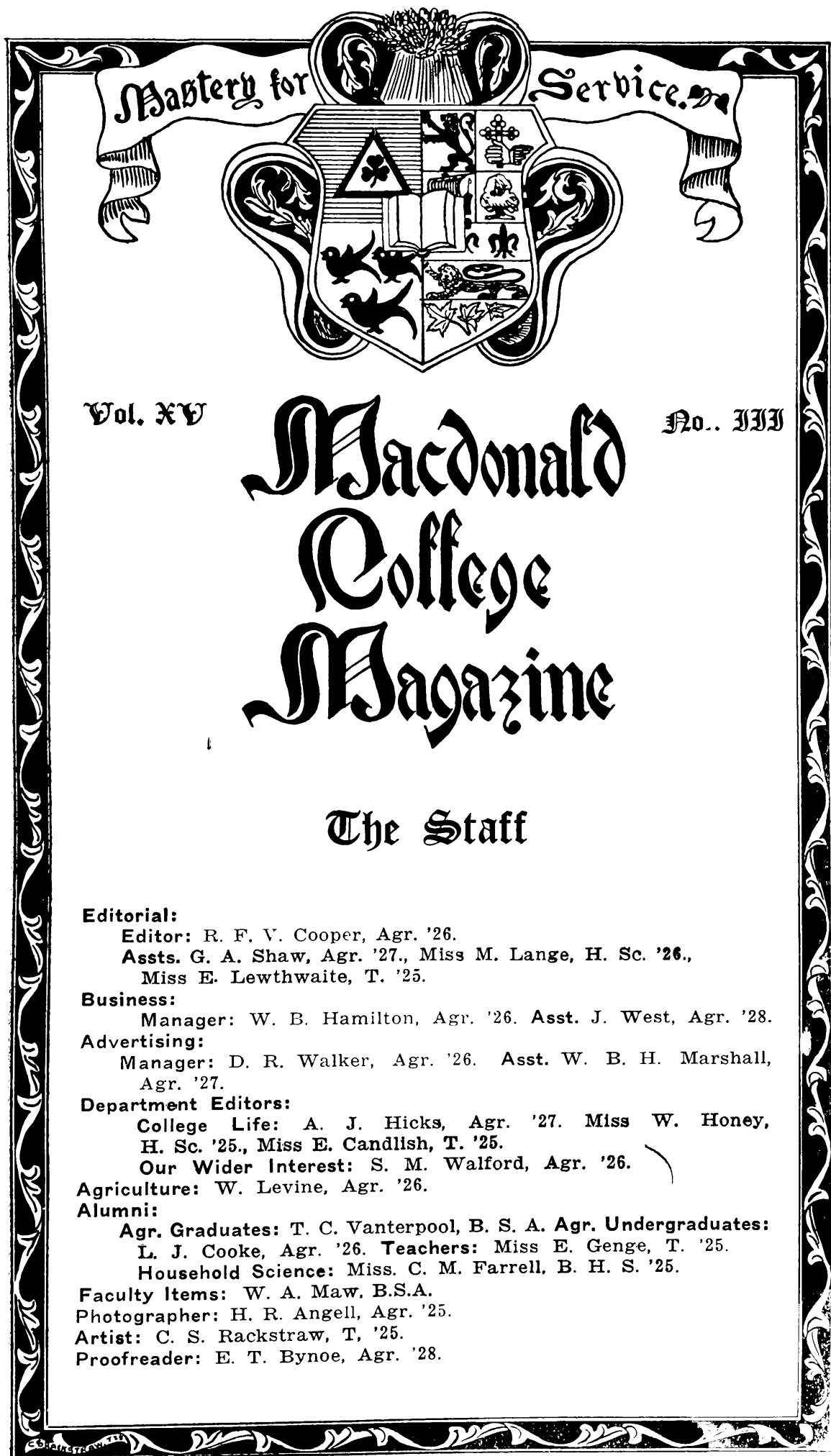
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7. Contributors are reminded that the printers are allowed no discretion — authors’ mistakes which are unnoticed by the Editor *will appear in the Magazine*.



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No. III

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Through the Trees

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XV

MARCH

No. 3



Concerning Superlatives We understand that the *Dramatic Notes* published in the last issue have been subjected to a certain amount of criticism. While we understand the reasons which have led some of our readers to hold such an opinion, we refuse to admit that our Dramatic Critic has been either too sparing with his praise or too free with his blame. The truth is that at Macdonald we have developed a habit of overworking the superlative in our descriptions of College events. The result is that the account of an entertainment as the *Best in the History of Macdonald* has become as empty a form of politeness as the biblical 'O King, live for ever!' If we give out that our Parish Pump gushes red wine on week-days we will be hard put to make the world believe when there really is a trickle of lemonade on a fete.

To change the metaphor, we consider that adjectives, and notably superlatives, form the fatty tissues of the sentence and can only exist sparingly in what has been called *virile* prose. If they will re-read last month's *Dramatic Notes*, giving the words their real values instead of the fictitious values which we have been too apt to use at Macdonald, the critical will find that the *Lit's*. performances have

been treated with the utmost fairness.

* * *

The Lit. Once More The President of the *Lit.* is to be congratulated upon two more innovations. Reports will be found elsewhere of the first two meetings of the Play-Reading Club, and also of the Union Debate, all held under the auspices of the Literary Society.

The preparation of a fully-staged play is a long business, requiring time and energy that few are able to afford. When a play is read aloud, instead of acted, much is admittedly lost; nevertheless, many points can be brought out by this method which are new to those who have only read the text to themselves. There is no doubt that modern stage technique and the moving-picture have done much to take the suppleness out of our imaginations. To the Elizabethan, Caesar was no less a Roman because he was clad in doublet and trunk-hose, and we moderns should forget that Shakespeare is wearing a lounge suit and reading his part from a book. Besides being an excellent training for the audience, play-reading is a most practical method of testing the ability of those who are considered for parts in the *Lit's*. more ambitious productions.

The Union Debate held on March 6th. stimulated many to demand whether our present system of inter-class debating could not be improved. The student who is chosen to represent his class in debate must be content to neglect his ordinary work for a fortnight to study a subject which is probably of little permanent importance to him. If, as its constitution proclaims, one of the objects of the *Lit.* is to develop the debating ability of its members, its aims might be better served by the adoption of a form of debate demanding less of the individual and giving experience to a greater number of speakers.

* * *

Concerning the Graduates

On page 144 will be found an article by Mr. R. P. Gorham, who graduated from Macdonald with Class '11. The receipt of Mr. Gorham's manuscript served to remind us that besides being an undergraduate publication, the Magazine is the official organ of the Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association. We feel sure that we are voicing the opinion of our readers both at Macdonald and elsewhere when we suggest that other old students might follow the excellent example set by Mr. Gorham. Macdonald can only build up her traditions through co-operation between the present students and the alumni. That the student body desires such assistance was well demonstrated by the efforts which were made to induce old boys to return for the Men's Dance held on February 13th. It is greatly to be desired that at its 1926 reunion the M. C. A. A. A. may devise some means of fostering a closer *liaison* with present students. In the meanwhile we assure the

alumni that a warm welcome awaits them in the columns of the Magazine.

* * *

Executives In the conduct of student business it is not always true that "many hands make light work" and we are glad to notice a tendency among college societies towards smaller executives. Although the committee appointed to draft a revised constitution for the Men's Athletic Association has not yet presented its report, we understand that the unwieldiness of the present executive is one of the subjects to be discussed. The *Lit.* executive has already passed a "self-denying ordinance" recommending the Student Body to abolish the present system of class representatives. Under the proposed amendment next year's literary, debating, and dramatic activities will be in the hands of a committee composed of a President, two Vice-presidents, a Secretary-treasurer, and three Managers respectively in charge of Elocution, Debating, and Dramatics. It is at least plausible that the committeeman chosen to perform specific duties and elected by 'all undergraduates taking more than one year at Macdonald' would feel more responsible to the college than the representative elected to uphold the interests of a single class or section. At least, a committee of seven would have less difficulty in securing a quorum than the round score who comprise the present Executive.

We are glad to say that by allowing a number of positions to lapse with the resignation of their late holders, we have reduced the Magazine Board to what we consider a serviceable unit.

Efficient service will only be secured when the number of executive positions is sufficiently reduced to make each election a genuine competition.

The Raid on Zeebrugge

R. O. BROOKE, POST-GRAD.

One Sunday in April towards the end of the War a small packet steamer was rolling heavily eastward in the Estuary of the Thames. It was a dull, grey day with a strong breeze from the East which caught the spray from the rollers as they smashed against the bow and broke on board. On the deck a score or so of men, myself among them, were huddled wherever shelter offered, our streaming oilskins wrapped tightly around us as though for warmth. Some looked seasick, some gazed about with the interest of novelty in our surroundings, some lay sprawled in sleep.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the dim outlines of five or six battleships were sighted on our port bow. They were apparently stationary and rapidly grew large as our little boat buffeted the waves with all the speed she could make against such a wind and so heavy a sea.

A great activity was soon apparent among these leviathans of War. Steam launches were scudding across the water in all directions; stores were being swung up on derricks and taken in board and a filthy looking old collier staggered in the wind in an effort to reach the lee of one of the vessels.

Nearest to us lay the *Vindictive*, an obsolete three funnelled cruiser, now famous in history. A wooden construction on her deck supporting a line of gangways hanging out over the water gave her a one-sided, unwieldy appearance like some old house under repair.

Hooting as she changed her course the little steamer bore down on the *Vindictive's* quarter, and drew alongside. An officer with a black patch over one eye

peered over at us like some old pirate. Once on board, the ship did certainly resemble a conveyor of contraband. The decks were loaded with stores of all kinds. Boxes of ammunition, kegs of various kinds, sacks of food, ropes and equipment beyond description littered the boards.

The vessel was full of men and hummed like a hive. Construction work was progressing apace. The air was filled with the noise of hammering and rivetting, the shout of orders, and the tramp of men.

Day was drawing to a close, twilight spread over the sea, and gradually the vessel grew quiet but for lapping of the waves against the sides, the low murmur of talk among the men, and the steady tramp of the watch on deck.

In the fo'c'sle hammocks swung from every conceivable point. Men talked drowsily of the events of the day and the mysterious adventure which had brought us together.

From their conversation it appeared that the powers that be had decided to stop up the fairway in the harbour of Zeebrugge with old battleships filled with concrete. To make this possible we were to take the Zeebrugge Mole by storm.

One by one the hammocks grew silent, the shadows cast by the dim light seemed to lengthen. Slumber spread its mantle over us. Soon the quiet was only broken by an occasional moan from a restless dreamer, or the dull metallic ring of the anchor chain as the good ship swung peacefully with the tide.

A week had passed! We knew what was expected of us. Some of us appreciated the opportunity we had of striking a

blow at the submarine menace which threatened the Nation's very existence; others wished themselves well out of the enterprise altogether; some had visions of glory; others could see nothing but failure or disaster at best, only the slightest chance of success for such a foolhardy undertaking.

Sunday morning the bos'n piped all hands to prayers on the quarter deck. That was the most remarkable service I have ever attended.

I can remember the ocean rising and falling like liquid granite around us, the bright blue sky above us where the sea-gulls whirled in hundreds uttering their harsh cries and far, far away the shoreline, the white waves breaking forever upon it.

So far from the habitat of mankind were we, that the *Vindictive* seemed to swing in space above the world.

"If we say there is no sin in us we deceive ourselves," the Captain's clear voice broke the silence as he read the service, his head bare to the breezes of Heaven.

A few more days and those decks were streaming with the blood of conflict. Where then we stood, listening to words of peace, lay heaps of dead and dying.

We had set sail at noon, the *Vindictive* leading with the *Iris* and *Daffodil* in tow, followed closely by the blockships, and as dusk was settling over the face of the waters, we cast anchor off Dover, to wait for our escort for destroyers and motor-boats.

The sun cast swords of fire across the waves as the long narrow battlecraft came creeping towards us from the harbour.

Soon the sea was covered with craft of all kinds. The exhausts of the motor-boats echoed in the still air. There, its conning tower awash, floated a submarine loaded to the deck with explosive, which

according to plan, was destined to sever the Zeebrugge Mole from the mainland and so cut off the enemy's communication.

As twilight became night our escorts took their positions, the *Vindictive* weighed anchor, shook herself for action and steamed off on the grand adventure.

"St. George for England."

The night was very dark, the rain was pouring down and the sea heaved in leaden heaviness around us.

Not often does the path of glory seem so colourless, so depressing or so miserable as on that night of nights. The *Vindictive* rose and fell as she tore aside the spume of the sea. One moment the waves were fathoms deep in darkness, the next they dashed into sight, flickering threatening tongues of white, and fled madly into the night.

At times the outlines of our escorting destroyers were visible vaguely plunging through the gloom like purposeful shadows, the *putt putt putt* of motor-boats came intermittently to us, but not a light appeared on the face of the waters.

The deck of the old cruiser *Vindictive* was crowded with men. On the quarter and amidships the clink of bayonets or the rattle of tin hats occasionally sounded above the throb of the engines. Forward, dimly seen, a body of seamen armed with their traditional cutlass awaited grim and resourceful.

The air was tense with excitement. Some prayed, some swore as they sat beneath bulwarks on the streaming decks, some thought of loved ones left behind.

Only a few hours more—God knows—they might be screaming in agony, struggling in the grip of the ocean or immortalized in the glory of the supreme sacrifice.

Suddenly a light burst above us—a star shell—lighting the sea with the brilliance of day, another and another, until the sky was full of flaring light,

and naked and exposed we waited the rain of shells which might blow us from the sea.

Ahead of us appeared the artificial fog glimmering translucently as the enemies searchlight vainly tried to penetrate.

Then began a pandemonium of noise that beggars description.

The sea was churned with bursting shells, the air was filled with explosives, again and again the *Vindictive* staggered against their impact, debris and shrapnel fell like hail rattling on the tin hats of the men, and then — the burst of fire from our own pom poms, stoke-bomb batteries, and machine-guns, as we emerged from the smoke screen at the head of the Mole.

Boarders away! Over went the blue jackets out along the swaying gangways through the hail of shrapnel and machine gun fire.

In a few moments three or four hundred were landed, and under cover of a barrage of Stoke bombs and Howitzer fire they stormed along the Mole. The whole world was blowing up around us. It was as bright as day. Buildings and defences stood outlined in shell flash. The Viaduct blew up with a detonation that shook the foundations of the Mole, and a flame of fire leaped hundreds of feet above us.

From the Mole only the superstructure

of the *Vindictive* was visible. We could see the shells bursting over her and clouds of debris rising from direct hits.

There seemed small possibility of her ever seeing England's shores again.

The screams of her siren split the air. The retreat began. In groups of two and three the stormers crossed the open spaces and could be seen clambering up the parapet and back over the tangled mass of wood which once did duty as the fighting deck.

On board — what a spectacle. Blood and water streamed across the decks, everywhere was death and destruction, heaps of the dead and dying, gun crew piled on gun crew.

An officer with his arm torn away directed the sick bay attendants as they worked like heroes among the wounded. Such a scene — so common in war, so terrible in peace.

Like a game old fighter, the *Vindictive* sprang to life and straining like a crippled warrior, with fire and smoke streaming across her decks from her smashed up smoke stacks she kicked from the Mole to drive her way through the hail of bombardment for home.

The land of Hope and glory,
Mother of the free,
How can we extol thee
Who art born of thee.



Amateur Photography

BY H. R. ANGELL, AGR. '25

That photography is one of the most popular hobbies of the period is unquestioned. Everyone likes to have permanent records of beautiful scenes witnessed in travel, of groups of individuals associated with pleasant events, and of quaint and unusual places and persons.

Before the introduction (in 1889) of the roll-film camera, which made photography the popular art it is today, the making of these records was limited to the artist and possibly the word-painter. It has not supplanted, but supplemented them. Its great disadvantage is that its records are mainly those of form, not of colour. Even the comparatively new process of colour photography, which by the way, is just as simple as ordinary photography, and records Nature's colours very faithfully, fails to satisfy us as does the artist's interpretation of the same scene. Artists are, however, few and far between. Very few of us can make efficient use of the sketch-book, but almost anyone, with a little practice and a dash of common sense can use the camera to secure records which have the advantage (and disadvantage) of rendering faithfully the minutest details presented in any given subject. It is, however, unfortunate that most of us who own cameras do not, except on very rare occasions obtain photographs that are by any means true representations of the original. More often than not our results are gross failures. But the very same instrument, modest though it may be, can, in the hands of an artist-photographer, produce *pictures* — pictures that satisfy. The difference between the two workers is that one knows nothing or very little of the fundamental principles involved and therefore blunders hopelessly, the

other has mastered them, and can work with certainty. It is too much to hope that every amateur will develop, or even try to develop, into a Whitehead or a Missionne, but it is reasonable to assume that some will try as the years go by to gain some knowledge of the essential principles of photography.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that for general work the type of camera and the kind of lens used have very little influence on the results. Nearly all depends on the person who uses the instrument. The modest Brownie, or the small folding camera, efficiently used, can produce results that are as pleasing and as satisfying as those produced with the most elaborate Graflex or View Camera on the market. The beginner who fails should therefore lay the blame on himself and not on his instrument. At the same time the more expensive cameras have advantages that enable their operators to undertake work under conditions that would be impossible with the simpler apparatus. The novice is advised to begin with one of the simpler types and to master it thoroughly before attempting using those more complicated.

For beginners the type of camera producing an image 2 1-4 by 3 1-4 in. in size is recommended. It can be safely said that this is the most popular size, even among advanced amateurs. Next comes the Vest Pocket 2 1-2 by 1 5-8 inches. These two have the great advantages of portability, low operating cost, simplicity of design, and generally, lenses that are of the "fixed focus" type.

To the individual whose attempts at photography are limited to a small radius, portability is of very little concern. To the serious worker who makes his cam-

era his travelling companion it is. Only those who have tramped for miles with a fairly heavy instrument slung over the shoulders can appreciate how quickly enthusiasm is crushed by the few pounds of extra weight.

The cost of film and developing and printing deserves consideration. Photography is a notoriously expensive hobby especially if the post-card size or larger is used. The percentage of successful "snaps" being generally small, the cost of each is so great as to raise the question of its being worth the expense. The operating cost of a smaller instrument is much less, and as the proportion of successes is often greater, and enlargements from the small negatives can be obtained fairly cheaply, the advantage clearly lies with this type.

Simplicity of camera design, and lenses of the "fixed focus" type are a boon to beginners. It takes a long time to remember to adjust the aperture and "time" to suit each exposure, and to turn the film after making it. When to these is added the further complication of focussing, the beginner has yet another factor for error introduced. The correct use of the focussing scale implies that the operator is a good judge of distance. More failures are due to improper focussing than to any other cause. Should one judge by sight or go to the other extreme and use a tape measure? A very easy and convenient way out of the difficulty is by stepping out the distance. This assumes that the length of one's step is known. How many of us have taken the trouble to find this out?

The type of lens on a camera deserves the consideration of those who wish to work under varying conditions. There are three types ordinarily fitted to hand cameras, the simplest and cheapest being the meniscus, a single lens. As it works efficiently only at a small aperture, it is

unsatisfactory for "snaps" except on bright days, and then only between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. If the day happens to be dull and such short exposures are attempted, the resulting negatives are invariably thin and almost useless. The prints from these are so faint and lacking in contrast that they are good for no other place but the waste-paper basket. Unfortunately they do not always find their proper place.

Rather better is the "rectilinear" lens composed of two menisci, with a diaphragm between them. It has the advantage of rendering straight lines correctly whereas the meniscus makes them appear curved. Added to this it generally has a maximum aperture of U. S. 4, which enables work to be done under less favourable conditions than in the preceding case. In common with the meniscus it has the disadvantage of having a saucer-shaped field when worked at full opening and therefore even when the centre of the picture is in sharp focus, the edges may not be. This is improved by stopping down, but this done the advantage of speed is lost.

The anastigmat is the best type of lens for all-round work. It has a flat field, that is, the image it produces of objects in focus is sharp all over the plate (or film) and therefore it can be used at full aperture for the most exacting work. The anastigmat is made with varying "working apertures," the slowest being generally F8. From this it ranges up to F2. These are so efficient that they are used for night photography. With the ordinary stage lighting of theatres they are more used for taking snapshots during performances. Many examples of the work done with them appear regularly in the "Illustrated London News" and other English periodicals. Lest the reader be tempted to buy a camera fitted with one of them let me damp

his enthusiasm by adding that one taking a V. P. K-sized photograph costs over \$135. Ordinary cameras are fitted with anastigmats with apertures of F8, 6.3 and 4.5, the first being fast enough for the majority of ordinary subjects, and the last having a reserve of speed to meet very difficult light conditions. Anastigmat lenses give needle-like definition when correctly focused and the negatives they produce are capable of enlargement to any ordinary degree.

It should not be for a moment supposed that successful photography can be done by pointing the camera at the subject and merely releasing the shutter. This mistake is responsible for the fact that such a very small percentage of our negatives are worth printing, and a mere fraction of the resulting prints worth showing. It is also strange but true that very few people try to find out the causes of their failures, comparative or absolute. The majority seem to think that the excellent work done by advanced amateurs and professionals is due to some peculiar power or ability, and they adopt a fatalistic attitude that effectually prevents progress. This belief is so strongly ingrained that even the suggestion that more successful results can be obtained by a study of the booklets issued free with new apparatus seldom results in action.

A few hints may not be out of place. When taking a snapshot the camera should be steadied against the body, and at the moment of exposure the breath should be held. It is entirely unnecessary to jerk the shutter release: much more successful results will be obtained if it is pressed slowly and easily. As I write I remember one very good illustration of the results of a decisive jerk on the shutter. It would not do to reproduce the photograph, but the reader will perhaps appreciate the fact that the print

represented a perfectly sober group as if they were all under the influence of something stronger than tea. The camera should always be held level. Pointing it up to take a high building will result in a rather unflattering and undignified representation of even the stateliest structure. The better way is, if possible to stand in a higher position, or use a camera equipped with a rising front — a convenience not found on the majority of average hand cameras.

Perhaps the most important factor in taking a photograph is correct exposure. It may be taken as a rule that the usefulness of box and other cameras fitted with meniscus lenses is limited to bright, sunshiny days, except the camera is used with a tripod or placed on some other firm support. Folding cameras equipped with lenses with the aperture U. S. 4 can be used for instantaneous work on comparatively dull days if the iris diaphragm is fully opened. It should be remembered that a "fast" lens stopped down to U. S. 16 is just as slow at that speed as a "slow" lens of that aperture. The advantage of a "fast" lens is that it can be used at full aperture to take a snapshot under conditions of light which would require a time exposure with a slower lens. At the same time the "depth" of focus is very much less with the lens opened up than when the diaphragm is closed down. This is the explanation of the fact that "speed" photographs exhibit a background in which very little is recognizable whereas the principal object is sharply defined.

It is beyond the scope of this article to attempt to lay down rules regarding exposures suitable for all conditions. Indeed, information on this will be very brief. The intensity of the light varies considerably from January to December, and from early morning to late evening.

The serious worker who wishes to be prepared to work under all conditions should provide himself with an efficient exposure-meter. The expenditure will be quickly saved by the great increase in good negatives. For the person who "snaps" between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., the approximately correct rule is that on bright days during the summer months the exposure at U. S. 8 (F. 11) should be average objects *e. g.* street scenes and figures 1-25 sec., open views with light foreground 1-50 sec. It is worse than useless to attempt snapshots under the shade of trees, or in other shaded locations: it is a waste of money, time and temper. To obtain results under these conditions the camera should be

placed on some firm support and a "Bulb" exposure of one or more seconds given. As a guide to obtaining better results the taking of notes on the "stop" and time employed, time of day, intensity of light and the character of the subject is valuable. The results can then be compared, and efforts made to correct failures. It is useless for the average person to depend on memory alone. Finally the delusion that good photographs can be secured by working the shutter at high speeds should be dispelled. Those who are experienced generally work at 1-10 or 1-5 sec. or more, and reserve the higher speeds for exceptional occasions when the essential requirement is stopping the motion of the subject.



April

By James C. Cameron

Doth now return. We hear the silent tread
 And marshy river margins overflowed
 Gleam in the sun, along the radiant road
 Of wakening springtime she who once was dead
 Doth now return. We hear the silent tread
 Of her fair feet as faint as falling snow —
 That it is April all the world doth know,
 Returning with the sunshine round her head!
 Lo! how she spreads her mystic mantle round,
 Transforming sun-burnt brown to glorious green;
 And makes the sleeping solitudes resound,
 Makes life to live where only death have been,
 That we, whom fairy flowers their fragrance fling,
 May our repining cease to dance and sing!

On Flowers

R. P. GORHAM, AGR. '11

History has it that human life began in a garden, and in that garden were trees and flowers and things of beauty. In all the ages since, the charm of flowers as expressed in form, color, contrast and artistic grouping has appealed to the human mind and exercised an influence on the arts and literature of all races of men. The first garden of which we read in the Bible is supposed to have been at a place not far north of the equator where a warm climate permitted the development of a variety of plants. Among the people of that and other warm and temperate regions of the earth the beauty of flowers first found expression in the work of human hands and in the first literature. A water plant, the lotus of Egypt, was represented in stone carving, perhaps the work of one of the first artists to try to express the appreciation of the human mind for the natural beauty of flowers. The plant appears to have received some form of cultivation in the ponds of the early Egyptians many centuries ago. Earlier still however were the mystical gardens of Babylon of which we know little more than the name.

A thousand years after the carvings of the Egyptian lotus the culture of flowers appeared in literature when Theophrastus, the Greek writer who lived about 300 B. C., mentioned the culture of roses, violets, iris, narcissi and gillyflower. To the last mentioned he gave a name which it retains in botany today, *Dianthus*, the carnation. This most popular flower in its different forms of garden pink and greenhouse carnation is one of the oldest named plants of the world.

In a savage state mankind in all parts

of the earth has had a sense of the beautiful in nature which has found expression in different ways; in place names, in pottery, in design, in personal adornment, and in figures of speech. For the most part, savage man was content to see plants as they grew and to admire them there in their natural habitat. When he began to cultivate the soil for the better development of plants, it was at first for such as would yield him food and it was not until generations later that plants received culture for the joy of their rich colors, for the beauty and grace of their form, for the appeal to the senses of their sweet perfume. Such we may guess was the beginning of the gardens of Babylon and such we know has been the history of gardens in more recently settled and more northern lands. The Indians of America when first visited by the Europeans had already progressed far in the culture of plants for food; corn, beans, pumpkins had been cultivated so long that their wild ancestors had gone out of existence, but we find no mention of flowers. The Indian had an artistic eye and an appreciation of the beautiful in nature but he did not cultivate flowers then nor does he now.

The first European gardens of Acadia were on the Banks of the St. Croix in the present New Brunswick, the second were on the site of the present Annapolis Royal and were made and planted by the order of Sieur de Poutrincourt who thus may be counted as the first gardener of Port Royal. Champlain's narrative says that de Poutrincourt planted "wheat, rye, hemp and several other kinds of seeds." Champlain was the next gardener for his narrative related that he made

a garden and planted seeds in September of the same year, as did others of the party. The culture of flowers had then reached an advanced stage in Europe and those gentlemen of France, des Monts, Champlain, Poutrincourt and Lescarbot must have been acquainted with the gardens of Paris. While there is no mention of flowers, it is probable that within a few years some flowering plants of France had found a new home in the gardens of Port Royal. Such importations we know occurred in the New England colonies established in 1620. Higginson's record of 1629 mentions along with a considerable list of food plants, marigolds, sage, thyme, lavender-cotton, hollyhocks, gillyflowers, honestie, roses and eglantine. As the years of the next century passed, all the common flowers of old England were introduced into New England where many of them found a congenial home. With the English colonization of Nova Scotia came the introduction of many of the plants we have today. the pansy, phlox, hollyhocks, lilac, roses. There are abandoned Loyalist home sites where some of the old plants can be found still in their original form, the cinnamon rose covering the old cellar walls, the clumps of purple lilac, and in the old garden musk and mallow and bouncing bet.

What plants have we acquired for our gardens in more recent years and from whence have they come? Improved transportation facilities and the establishment of regular business houses for the distribution of plants and seeds has opened to the gardeners the best of the earth's choice treasures. The geranium of South Africa is found in every home, the poppy of Armenia, the poppy of Persia and the poppy of America grow side by side in our gardens. Nearby is the marigold of France, the hollyhock from

China, the dahlia from Mexico, the gladiolus of Africa, and the nasturtium of Chile and Peru. These are only a few of the cosmopolitan inhabitants of our garden, each and every one a study by itself. Space will only permit mention of some features of one and that the most common of them all, the friendly plant that covers the unsightly stump, rock or fence and changes it to a thing of beauty, the cheerful nasturtium.

Shields suggest stories of knights and deeds of chivalry when gallant men in armour with close-visored helmets strove with one another in the lists for a trophy of victory, a flower, a chaplet or a ribbon. The leaf of the nasturtium, is a shield, there is no other in your garden like it in form and you will have to paddle a canoe on some quiet pond or stream to find on the shy patanagetum another shield leaf at all like it. The shield suggests the lists and trophy, and the name of the genus *Tropaealum* comes from the same Greek root which gives us our word "trophy." The shields of the knights were sometimes burnished until they shone like silver. Push a nasturtium leaf down in a glass of water and you will see the silver shield burnished as bright as ever shield of old — a source of delight to the children and a problem in physics for older ones to explain. The flower has somewhat the form of a helmet and across the three lower petals are the upright bars of the visor, blocking the entrance to the wealth within. On the petals are lines of color, the richest and most varied in all your garden, the red, orange and yellow lines of the rainbow blende dand all pointing, like those of the rainbow, to a pot, not of gold but of nectar hidden at the back of the flower tube.

Tropaealum magnus, the great or climbing one.

Tropaeolum minus, the little or shrubby one. for our two garden nasturtiums.
 Even the specific names seem fitting *Don't forget to plant some in your garden for 1925.*

Scarlet and Grey

D. B. FOSTER, T.' 25

Crash! and a thousand screams of humanity rushing by
 The air is full of their broken, invisible dreams
 Their very ideas have a shrillness, intense like the cry
 Of their man-made gods.

They have made pride unreal, they have lost the power of love
 Their thoughts are a million changing, colourful flames,
 Burning, — their noise pervades the heavens above
 Its ghastly echo, at least.

Their lives are draped in scarlet and purple and black
 They heed not the teaching of pain, nor the sainthood of peace.
 They dash through the years, nor do for a moment look back—
 Are they happy at this.....?

The moon is still pale, and the sigh of the sea is low;
 On the breast of the silent hill the pines are cool
 Daisies are dewy still at morning — the snow
 Is always white; pure.

And God, who gave Love to man is still, although
 He has seen humanity slander, degrade His gift.
 He hears the pain of beliefs forgotten — but O,
 He is God, God.





Girls' Hockey Team



Men's Hockey Team

Two Things That Happen Daily In London

EDWARD K. WILLIAMS

We had been wandering about London since eight o'clock that morning, my dad acting as guide and I as the tourist party and, never having seen London before, I was much interested in all I saw from the tops of the motorbusses — for surely that is the best way to see London. It was now nine-thirty and we were approaching Buckingham Palace, the town residence of the Royal Family, and not having been warned, I was struck by the sequence of events that transpired.

Coldstream Guards, Grenadier Guards, and Scots Guards were drilling all around us and people began to collect in awed excitement outside the Palace Gates, for the Guard was to change at ten o'clock. Dad, having known London for more than thirty years, chose a spot where we were to stand and witness the most impressive ceremony that takes place daily in the British Empire. No description can do it justice — every soldier looks and acts every other soldier, and one almost becomes convinced that one is watching a number of automatons performing but for the impressive music and the realization that the men are human.

Awe-inspiring silences, crisply spoken commands, and lightning-like responses thereto were witnessed and the old guard was replaced by the new — the men becoming statuesque immediately after the various formalities and the presentation of arms had occurred — slow, grand music being played without interval.

It is seldom that a visitor to England who had not been there for more than fifteen hours as yet, and less than twelve of them in London, has the opportunity of hearing the National Anthem suddenly

burst forth, seeing the rifles of the guards snap to the present, and every male member of the crowd of onlookers bare his head as the King himself and his two sons, Edward and Henry, approach and pass by in an automobile. The respect shown to our sovereign on that occasion was very gratifying and it took the form of silence, the presence of which was intensified by the formality of the event.

Their Royal Highnesses having come and gone, so quickly that one could hardly realize what had transpired, the guardsmen began the slow march. It might have been the funeral march to the most famous of all men, the music slow and booming, the men keeping perfect form as they marched through the gates in their scarlet tunics, the slow thump of their feet hitting the pavement as if only one foot had fallen at each carefully measured step. Soon however, the tension was broken by the sound of the band as it changed to regular marching time, and the crowd began to disperse, aided by those wonderful guardians of London serenity, the "bobbies."

It is frequently said that the guards become absolutely still as soon as the change has taken place, and a child, going past the gates of the palace with his nurse, has, at the sudden and uncontrollable sneeze of a guardsman, clung to her skirts with the remark, "I'm frightened nursie! It's alive!" Such certainly seems to be true, but let an officer approach and, through a system of signals unknown to the common folk the form of salute to which his rank is entitled is known and executed with the greatest precision by all the guards whom he may

pass—for the man who saw him first has informed his fellows of the coming of a superior of certain rank from a certain direction — and through practice it is known just when he shall pass by.

One of the many quaint places to be found in London, not many steps from one of its busiest centres, is "Simpson's Ordinary — Founded 1723." To get there one must go through a maze of some of the oldest buildings now standing in that largest of English-speaking cities archways, passages alternately dark and not so dark, low-vaulted, high-vaulted, very narrow and not so narrow, dirty and clean. The "Ordinary" is a four-story building with more windows than one would expect to see in a building so old. Our party decided that we would partake of fish that day, for when one is in London one must have a taste of their fish.

Ascending to the third floor, we found a room with tables arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe at the toe of which was a huge, antique, high-backed armchair that was to be occupied by a very dignified and uncommonly picturesque old gentleman. Having arrived at one o'clock we were in time to see people of all sections come to take their places as if they were accustomed to having lunch in this strangest of places. Precisely at one-fifteen we were called to order by a tap of the chairman's gavel and a request for silence while grace was asked.

Lunch was then commenced with soup, after that a huge platter on which was placed a delicious looking fish was borne into the room, it having been sent upstairs by means of an old-fashioned dumb-waiter. The chairman divided this fish into suitable major parts and it was further apportioned to the guests by the waiters. Meanwhile, this being an old-

fashioned English eating-house, beer had been served in huge mugs to those who wished it. In all, we were helped to four courses of fish, all distinctly different and all served in an appropriate fashion and the added economy of a whispered request that each guest retain his knife and fork. Finally we partook of an old-English style suet pudding generously smothered with black currant jam.

The event of the day was now about to take place, and it seemed to me that a hush had fallen. A small boy appeared bearing a large Cheddar cheese upon his shoulder — we had been wondering why a pedestal was standing on the table directly in front of the chairman, now we knew, the cheese had become the centre of interest. Rising again, the chairman called for order and announced that each guest was called upon to estimate the height of the cheese — having done so, and written it upon slips of paper provided for the purpose, we awaited the official measurement. Next we judged its girth, at a point indicated by a huge knife with which our host had stabbed the cheese, this he also measured and announced. Lastly, the weight of the delicacy (huge as it was) was guessed, and having weighed it, our venerable friend told us that result.

But no one had been able to tell exactly what the various measurements were, so that the company went without champagne that day. It is the custom, though seldom is the privilege won, for the management to serve its best champagne when some one member of the company is able to guess the height, girth, and weight of the cheese correctly.

Having again called the meeting to order and pronounced grace, the master of ceremonies told the gentlemen, "You may smoke" and the ladies, "Do as you please." Pipes, cigars, and cigarettes

were at once lighted and after a few moments pleasant conversation we paid our check and departed, glad to know how well that tradition is being adhered to, despite worldly advancement. Apparently the cheese has much to do with the attraction that draws people to Simpson's, and only three times in the two hundred years of its existence has champagne been served "on the house."

Incidentally, just a year after he had had the pleasure of attending the unique ceremony of a luncheon at the quaint eating house, it was with great interest that the writer happened to catch sight of a paragraph in a London paper announcing that, for the third time since its establishment, the cheese had been correctly guessed at Simpson's.

Hitting the Road

An interview granted to Steve Walford.

"And mind you," he assured me, between murderous attacks on a White Owl,

"I wasn't always a hobo!"

"Tell me then," I asked, "just what started your career on the road?"

"It was that cursed railroad!" And he needed no further encouragement to continue. "You know how they advertise each year for about twice as many harvesters as can possibly be used. I bit. I was broke at the time, I borrowed the price of a one way fare from a friend, expecting to come back well fixed."

His cigar demanded his attention, and he left the familiar picture with me for a few moments — the out-of-work clerk allured by visions of golden wheatfields rippled with the wind, mutely appealing.

Having succeeded in coaxing the light to the intensity of his own emotions, and, releasing a cloud of smoke as heavy and sinister as his expression he continued. "We didn't know we had been fooled till about twenty of us got off at Souris, Alberta, to fill some of the hundreds of applications for labour. A couple of the bunch got jobs. The rest of us were left on the platform. We wanted work at any wage, but could we get it? Huh!"

Failing to meet employment half-way, the party split up in pursuit of it. Three

days search only intensified their despair, until, disillusioned, dispirited, weary, and penniless, a party of these would-be harvesters resolved to swallow their pride and appeal to the mayor of the town for advice or assistance.

That dignitary received the delegation, heard their sorry plight, paused enough to allow hope to be revived, then made utterance, "I'll give you loafers exactly ten minutes to get to blazes out of this town, and if you show up again, I'll jail the whole — — bunch of you. Now get!"

At this point, the narrative assumed a rather forceful tone. In short, the party left, but not with the best of feeling towards Souris or its mayor.

Followed then the accidental debut into the leisure class. "I met one of the boys out of town, and together we covered the road to Hayfield looking for work. No luck at all. Towards dark we reached a siding. As it was starting to rain we rolled into a box-car for the night and soon fell asleep.

"When we woke up, sometime about next noon, we were rolling merrily along towards somewhere. That somewhere we found was Winnipeg. We started right in looking for a job and I wound up in front of the railway offices, where there was

a "Help Wanted, Male" sign nailed up. I chuckled to myself when I applied — "You blighters are going to pay my way home yet."

"But again the joke was on me. When I got to my position I found it was at a God-forsaken junction in the Rockies with only a couple of Japs for company.

"I stuck it three days and then jumped the first east-bound freight."

He reached Cranbrooke before the train crew discovered their uninvited guest and ushered him with due ceremony onto the roadbed.

Work again became the elusive end in view, but for several days nothing permanent materialized. Hungry and cold, the next morning the derelict accosted the first man he met. This man responded in a very practical way. He had an exceptionally large cellar-full of wood, which he wanted split, and for which service he was willing to give all that one man could eat at one sitting.

With a warm, comfortable feeling permeating his whole system, causing him to forget his tired muscles, the wayfarer started his long trek east, working when necessary, and sleeping wherever night-fall overtook him. Amongst other couches a tombstone seemed the most novel, but proved the most comfortable, for it was dry, broad and smooth, and my hobo friend added with a chuckle that he bet the fellow underneath didn't rest any more peacefully than he did that night.

Arriving at Saskatoon, the pangs of ambition seized him, not to speak of those of cold and hunger, and he resolved again to find regular employment, hoping to amass the funds necessary to carry him to his home town — Montreal.

The first opening that showed itself was on the staff of *The Capital*. Arrayed

in hand-out clothes, and clean-shaven he applied for the position and secured it. The duties proved as varied as they were arduous. They included those of rewrite-man, proof-reader, dramatic critic and assistant society editor.

But the life of ease called more loudly to him than the twenty-five dollars a week that his services were valued at, with the usual response, — back to the road.

And so the tale proceeded, varying only in the class of work which formed interludes in the life he had grown to love. Inevitably the road would call to him at brick-laying, "pot-walloping," clerking or farming, and inevitably he would answer. Even after regaining his home town, the allurements of travel had so grown on the young aristocrat that regular employment became absolute agony, only resorted to in cases of dire necessity—that is when handouts were not forthcoming, when the clothing began to fail in its fundamental duties, or when zero weather robbed sleeping-out of its charm.

* * * *

Such was the manner of his debut into hobo life with its carefree happy atmosphere of adventure.

Still more interesting was his exit ten years later. "A woman in the case," you ask, my romantic reader? Quite so — his mother. She had refused him assistance when unemployed, when stranded at Souris and at many other places. A persuasive stock salesman had recently relieved her of the family savings.

The ex-hobo is now a drudge at a man-killing job and feels the strain keenly as he tries to make a living wage for one support two. Why does he do it? Just to repay a little debt of gratitude.

A Volume and Lavender

S. F. BRUCE WINTER COURSE 1924-25.

For perhaps an hour and a half this afternoon I have been reading a volume of letters. Such a mixture this book is of gay tidings and grave, little messages and exhortations to and from the long dead and troubled no more, with writings and readings. Reading these letters seemed at first hardly decent, seemed unfeeling, like to driving a wain across a grave! I felt in prying among these fallen leaves of a summer long past a suggestion that behind my interest in the letters lurked the shadow of curiosity, watchful, slyly grinning, "Ah, that curiosity!" saith he "Why is it one may not look into another's letters today, but the most fastidious among us, in cold blood and with calculating eye may stir among the relics, faded and pathetic, of yesterday's romance and not hurt his precious susceptibilities one whit?"

It is more comfortable to believe that our collectors and readers of letters bring with them to the handling and reading of these living links with affairs, of which actors and setting have vanished quite away, a sympathy, an understanding. So is it to be hoped that our wandering through these lines athwart the joys and perplexities of others may be if not a search for Romance, at least, a quest for the small beginnings of great affairs, to trace out in this commotion beneath the surface, indications of history in the making. History gives us the hard husk of events, at its barest it is a chronicle sans comment, at its best woefully incomplete and sometimes monstrously one-sided. For the kernels of true cause, the faint inner influences and significant gestures underlying, explaining this glorious, or inglorious carnival,

we must turn to the letters, the diaries, the private papers of those who played the parts. True, these should be the forage-ground of the historian, but how seldom does he seek for and well enough, or know what justly to keep and what reject!

This curiosity, though, may well be a quite legitimate and natural interest in seeing how others lived and thought in other times. It should be far removed from that curiosity of which Plutarch said that it is the same to walk uninvited into a stranger's house and stare about and about, as to look curiously into it through the windows. Here one has no excuse in the way of amusement or serious interest to save the face of curiosity. Wherefore, the unfortunates thus spied upon, wearers of privacy as a garment, true-lovers of modesty and retirement (as, God wot, we say is every one of us) would most certainly feel justified in luring him of the brazen face and questing eye within the gates, treading upon the burglar alarm, handing the gazer over to the police on a charge of trespass, and on the way to the police-station, in the intervals between expostulation and profanity, quoting him Plutarch.

To think of opening another's letters and reading them is of such stuff as nightmares are made, but to read the love-letters of a hundred years ago — such very, very intimate documents, such an exposing of human weakness and folly, such heartening flashes of strength, nobility, self-forgetting — to read these there is no harm received or done, they who wrote them having no doubt outlived them in their own lives, (though we would rather think otherwise,) being these

many years done with such sweet trafficking. I am sure it is often so, that many a man who in the tumult and the shouting is led to say and do things foreign to his nature for which the world noisily condemns or, mayhap, praises him, shows in his letters, expediency no longer at his elbow, blind enthusiasm or a splendid anger no longer spurring him, a true image of himself; so that we who from a little distance see the picture of his life in proper perspective, may judge him more justly than did his own generation. It would be worse than foolish to contend it were not in the part of honour or decency to read those letters.

For myself, letter writing seems always beset with difficulties. I find my best are never composed but after the lights are out at night and in the small hours of the morning. These are they that are never put to paper, but swirl by and vanish, like the fairies, ere seven o' the clock, leaving me to body forth their ghosts, if this be possible, at some other time, all dwarfed, misshapen, unrecognisable. Truly our store of literature would be rich if we had, as has been said, all

the dreams of all the poets; but even if we had time to write them into books — and we are told that all the events of a lifetime may be dreamed in the lifting of a hand — there would be needed to express these very faintest, finest shades of meaning, a new English; and atop of it a new generation to learn this strange tongue. Whereupon, it seems probable, there would be a world of scribblers and none to read the scribbling. Perhaps, as with so many institutions in this world of ours which we should love to meddle and muddle into something nearer to the heart's desire, it were better left untouched. Even in these poem-letters which we have been gently turning, there may be heights more than lofty enough to tire our unaccustomed, work-a-day wings. Withal, each of us is a poet, inarticulate, maybe; if not an interpreter and a singer, at least an appreciative listener. Not always understanding, but with a desire to understand; a curiosity in us to know more than we have experienced; our ears attuned to catch the beat of strange wings and the echo of sweet unearthly music.



**Youth, which is Forgiven everything,
forgives Itself nothing; age, which
forgives itself everything is forgiven
nothing.**

SHAW

Love Comes in Spring

C. S. RACKSTRAW, T. 25'

"My daughter, the time has come for you to marry."

"My father, I want to go to the University."

"I have spoken."

"Yet I will never marry an Indian."

"That we shall see."

The battle of wills which raged, without rancour or recriminations, between Chief Black-bear and his strong-minded daughter was one of long standing, and this enunciation of her wish to go to the University was no new thing. Years before she had said, "I will go to Battleford," — and she went. With high honours this intrepid Indian girl had passed through the Indian Industrial School, and later, through the Collegiate. Her great ambition was to secure a post in a reservation school so that, through the rising generation, her people might be taught to pull themselves out of the slough into which they have sunk, and the white man has pushed them. To this end Susie Black-bear had bearded her autocratic father, the chief, so often, and so ably, that he now listened to her arguments, as he would to any advanced by the sages of the tribe, and had invariably given way to her.

But, the time had come when so desirable a princess as Susie Black-bear was sought in marriage by Chief Red Hawk for his son, whom she had never seen. Her education at Collegiate had broadened her outlook, and coming in contact with our race, when she compared them with the polished white youths of her acquaintance. She contrasted the comfort of the homes of her school-friends with her civilization so intimately had engendered somewhat of scorn for the rugged, up-

standing, untutored young men of her father's roughly furnished, white-walled log house, standing on its round topped hill in the reserve. What a difference there was between roast hawk and roast chicken; or the faint odour of fox which pervaded the Indian house, and the costly perfumes of her white friends! As she laid her tailored gowns, redolent of corylopsis and musk, beside her smoke-tanned native costume she turned up her chiselled nose at the latter, and longed to get back to the life which the refined habiliments stood for.

In her father's command she sensed the sacrifice of her hardly earned education, and the frustration of her ambition. To her, marriage with an Indian, no matter how highly placed he were, meant that she must conform to the tradition of the Crees. She must dress like the other women, to begin with, for she had discovered how un-Indian they considered her. She knew that she must inevitably forego her cultured pursuits for the household duties, to which she must devote herself as the wife of the younger Red Hawk. She had no wish, either, to be sold without, at least, knowing by whom she was to be purchased. Her white sisters chose for themselves, — she would do likewise. So, very calmly, she told Chief Black-bear that she would never marry an Indian, and, just as calmly, he had replied, that they would 'wait and see.'

And now Indian Summer crowned each round topped hill with a saffron-and-amaranthine coronet and fragrant pinkish vapours caressed stream and valley like a benediction. In hushed silence, Shwondasee, gloriously clad, hung yearningly

over his beloved, the Earth, nestling closer to her breast in a last silent caress, before his fierce brother Kabibonokka burst, howling, from the icy northland, to drive him southward with his searing, icy blasts.

The chief took leave of his daughter with the traditional ceremonials. The propitiatory smoke offerings were made to Gitchie Manitou, for her safe return, and to Mitche Kanabeek, that he would do her no evil. Gently he murmured his benediction and, turning abruptly, strode into the house. Susie Black-bear went down the steep, narrow path winding down the round hill, crossed the creek, which gurgled contentedly in the dusky sunlight, and got into the buggy awaiting her to take her to the station.

Dorothy Dixon, her chum at Collegiate, was waiting for her as she stepped off the train at Saskatoon.

"How glad I am you were able to come," cried Susie, gratefully, as Dorothy released her from an enthusiastic hug, "I should never have found my way."

"Never mind; but come along," replied Dorothy, taking her arm, and, turning with her they left the station.

"If we're lucky we'll be in time to catch the registrar. — By the way," continued Dorothy, "I've arranged it all with the matron, so that we room together. She nearly quartered me on a red-haired creature, with huge teeth; but I told her you were coming, and she gave us one of the nicest rooms in the residence. We've a perfectly ducky bay-window, which overlooks the front door, so we can see all the "fussers" go in and out."

"Fussers?" queried Susie, "What is fussers?"

"Oh! You'll soon find out," laughed Dorothy.

"No! But, do tell me!"

"Oh! They're all the crazy people who

think they're in love with each other, and whom you find 'spoonosculating' in all sorts of out-of-way places."

"Oh!"

And so they prattled on, these two friends who had not seen each other for so long. Having reached the University Susie Black-bear went through the formalities of registration, and at length found herself at home in her new quarters.

During the year which followed Susie Black-bear had too many new interests to occupy her, and too many new and surprising things to think about, to worry much about her father's wish that she should marry. In fact, she forgot all about the matter, in the whirl of her new round of existence. Not a cloud crossed her clear horizon, and she remained heart-whole and unattached during her freshman year, despite the efforts of at last a dozen love-sick swains to capture her fancy.

It was not until her second year at college that she met him. She had often seen this handsome youth in the laboratory and library, — had spoken to him several times, and had thought that he was a likeable boy enough. It all happened in a flash at the sophomore function, where Johnny Lancaster had danced with her. Their good-night was outwardly calm, but each detected the wave of sympathy which passed between them, — the softened voice, the faintly accelerated flutter of the pulse, giving rise to the slightest tremor of the clasped hands, — the swiftly fleeting glance of admiration, quickly smothered, — a hundred details, unnoticed, and unheeded by anyone but lovers.

"Gad!" cried Johnny, as he burst in on his room-mate, half an hour later, "But she's a peach!"

"Peach? Who's a peach? What's a peach?"

"She is, of course!" volunteered Johnny happily.

"A girl of course, you goat!"

"Oh, I thought you were talking about a horse or something — Well! don't try to tell me you're genuinely in love or I'll have to throw you out."

"Nevertheless I am — this time!"

"Oh! go to grass!"

Now Kay Sylvestre knew perfectly well that, if he encouraged Johnny in the slightest degree, he would rave over his latest conquest all night, so he, being a selfish sort, was not going to risk losing sleep through giving Johnny a chance to tell him all about it.

"Well, anyway," he continued, "You might as well put a fellow out of his misery, and tell us who she is!"

"She's the lov——"

"I asked you, 'who is she?' not for a portrait!"

"Oh,—er,—Susie Black-bear," replied Johnny, somewhat huffed by Kay's uncompromising manner.

"The Indian! Hum! Thanks! Good-night!" and he turned over and pretended to snore.

Long into the wee small hours the girls in the residence re-danced the dance, and two in particular dived in under the surface and exchanged experiences.

"And who is he?" enquired Dorothy.

"His name is John Lancaster," replied Susie, shyly.

"Johnny Lancaster!" gasped Dorothy, and was silent.

When Chief Black-bear heard from his daughter that she intended to marry a white man he reasoned with her calmly and coldly, for he knew his daughter too well, to attempt to move her either by threats of disinheritance or exclusion from the tribe, or by anger and sarcasm.

"My daughter," said he, "You know well that white blood and red cannot mix, and that happiness does not lie that way.

He will love you for awhile — until the novelty of possessing a chief's daughter has worn off, or until you have lost your youthfulness of figure. Then he will tire of you. I have seen too many of such mixed marriages, in my day, to believe in their permanency, or happiness.

"My father! I know that John would never do such a thing."

"Daughter! White men are unutterable fools, evrey one. You will never make a good hunter of a white, and he would starve in the woods with a whole arsenal of rifles. They're not to be trusted, my daughter, and, I beg of you, watch the goings and comings of this lover of yours, very carefully before you take any step you cannot retrace. — Study him dispassionately and without prejudice, and know his character thoroughly, before you do anything rash. Above all, remember, you are my daughter, and a princess of a noble race, who scorn to stoop to the white. Remember, always, your duty to your race. There are too few of us, as it is, for any on of us to marry, outside our own race, and dilute our pure blood."

As she gazed up into the calm eyes which looked down into her very soul, and heard the sonorous Cree words fall steadily, relentlessly from the strong stern lips, she was torn between love and the duty she knew she owed to her people. Presently the eyes clouded, as the chief continued, the words coming with difficulty, and with infinite pathos.

"And I, who have no son, had hoped that I should find, in your husband, a son and successor. I have spoken."

He waited for an answer patiently and without emotion. At length Susie spoke.

"It shall be as you wish. I will consider it well."

Once more the car carried Susie Black-bear over the river, and up the hill, out to the stately white stone buildings, which

glowed like amber in the sunlight, looking out proudly upon the rolling prairie, their great windows reflecting a dazzling gleam of molten gold. Her heart leaped, as it had leaped three years before, at the first glimpse of the University as she first rounded the curve which clears the houses.

She wondered whether she would meet him, how, where? As she mounted the steps of the Arts building she turned to look at his window in the men's residence, and saw someone leave it hurriedly. In a flutter of excitement she awaited his coming. A familiar step, a boyishly exuberant greeting, and he had drawn her through the open doorway of the Assembly Hall, slamming it behind them. In that hushed, solemn place they greeted each other after the manner of lovers.

Again she and Dorothy occupied the bay-windowed room, overlooking the main doorway of the girls' residence, and for the fourth session they pulled together through the turbulent seas of the year's work. Susie had taken her last three years with honours, to her chum's delight. Everyone in the college worshipped her for her kindness, and readiness to give of herself, rather than for her academic attainments. No one in trouble would dream of going to anyone but Susie Black-bear, for they knew she would understand. No one ever left her without new hope and renewed strength to battle on; and many were the hearts which she had helped to mend.

The spring exams were barely a month away, and she had accepted Johnny's invitation to go to the theatre. He had promised to call for her at a quarter to eight, and she was all ready and watching for him at the window. She saw his familiar figure pass in, under the lighted doorway, — she drew on her gloves and turned, expectantly, to the door, in anticipation of the matron's summons. Ten

minutes passed, — the heavy front door slammed, — she turned again to the window, just as Johnny and a blonde "freshette" stepped into the semi-circle of light.

Dorothy found her, where she had fallen, when she returned, a few minutes later, from a brief visit down the hall.

The days which followed were agonizing ones for Dorothy, because nothing would rouse Susie out of the apathy into which she had sunk. She only smiled, sadly, when Dorothy urged her to buckle down to study. Every time the front door clanged to during the evening, she would start and turn pale. Although Susie had healed so many wounded spirits, herself she could not heal. Dorothy chafed and raged inwardly while she watched her chum throw away her chances of winning her degree, until the pent-up torrent of wrath and disappointment burst out, one evening, and she lashed her listless friend till her own cheeks burned.

"Do Indian women weep over skunks?" she demanded fiercely as a Parthian shot.

"No! By God! they don't!" exclaimed Susie, lapsing, in her ire, into Cree language — her racial pride now thoroughly roused, "And, I'll show him that I care nothing for him."

"That's the spirit!" returned the other, suddenly calmed by her friend's vehemence.

So thoroughly had Dorothy's words penetrated her apathy that Susie lost no time in getting to work. In two days she had recovered the ground she had lost, and, later, carried off honours in the final exams.

She was dressing for Convocation, when a tap came at the door, and the matron entered bearing a box, in which lay a huge sheaf of roses. On looking at the attached card Susie whitened, and closed the box, which she handed back to the matron, saying calmly,

"Take these back to the messenger, please, dear Mrs. Hanson, and tell him to return them to the gentleman who sent them."

"But, — er, — why?"

"Oh! just because!" parried Susie, smiling enigmatically.

Home, and her own people seemed, as never before, a blessed haven of refuge. The touch of her father's hands, as they lay on her shoulders gave her a feeling of well-being, which she had not experienced for many days. As he looked down into her tired eyes he sensed the suffering which lay behind them. He knew that something had upset the smooth running of the inconvenient love affair, and was torn between compassion for his daughter and satisfaction. He said nothing, however, but the tightening of his fingers told her that he knew and sympathized.

In due course came word from the Indian Department, with her appointment to commence her duties in the school on her own reservation. Into the work she plunged with zest knowing that only by the road of labour comes forgetfulness of oneself, and one's sorrows.

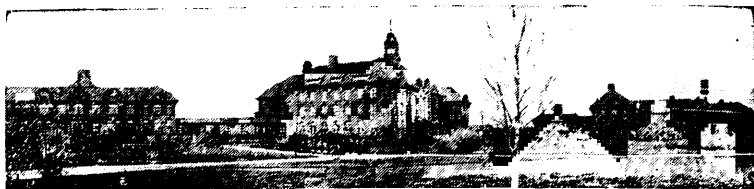
A year had elapsed since her return, during which time she had all but forgotten her troubles. Spring had clothed the balsam poplars with crimson flowers, which hung, like heart's-ease, in clusters from the boughs. The young aspen poplars were putting forth tiny golden-green leaves, the geese were honking northward,

and the crows were already awakening the bluffs with their raucous voices. Flocks of red-winged blackbirds had settled in the sloughs and marshes, and were impatiently awaiting the arrival of their quieter coloured mates. The air resounded with their shrill love call, "Quonk-quaree-ee," though several days would have to elapse before the females arrived. The earth was awakening and had covered herself with a violet robe of prairie crocuses from the depths of which welled up the love-laden throbbing pipe of the meadow lark, and even Susie Black-bear felt the subtle influence of the handsome Indian, who was coming down the trail towards her. As he passed he saluted her diffidently, and she walked steadily on, up the hill. As if a magnet was drawing her, she turned her head and saw the youth standing a few paces from where she had passed him, gazing at her, his soul in his eyes. She slackened her pace and presently a low-pitched voice at her side said, hesitatingly, almost shyly

"Toh-eh--tan-tay?" ("Whither goest thou?")

"Ah-kee-way-ahn," ("I am going home.") she replied, gently.

Side by side these two beautiful young people wended their way through the gathering sunset, he, the son of Chief Red Hawk, she, the daughter of Chief Black-bear. The call of their Indian blood drew them together, as they walked on into the pale gold and purple mists of the fading spring day, their fate accomplished, and their life's joy found.



A Fantasy

BY A. ZOOND (POST-GRAD)

It was queer that I had no recollection at all of how I had come there. I was dimly conscious of the fact that I had gone to bed, and yet I most certainly was not *in* bed, and that annoyed me. But my feeling of annoyance soon changed to one of profound curiosity, and I became absorbed in what I saw before me. I have tried repeatedly to recall the appearance and personal characteristics of the man, but they evade me, just as, sometimes, a well known name refuses to rise to the surface of the mind. And yet, as with the name, I feel I remember him well. But I cannot describe him, so you will have to take him for granted. He had before him a glass case full of an infinite multitude of spheres actively travelling in all directions. Many of them were brilliantly luminous, others were dark, and the whole presented a most unusual spectacle, which puzzled me all the more since I could not divine what force kept them in motion. I must have gazed at them with rapt attention.

Suddenly, "Behold the Universe," he said.

I suppose my face reflected my bewilderment and incredulousness, for he continued, "You don't believe me. You have no imagination. You have often looked through a microscope at living beings that are many millions of times smaller than yourself, you talk glibly of ultimate particles of matter that are of still smaller dimensions, and yet you cannot conceive of a creature that is many millions of millions of times larger than you. Know then that there is nothing absolute about size, it is purely subjective, and depends entirely upon point of view. Things are large or small, minute

or gigantic, according to the particular type of vision that is viewing them. That sounds reasonable, does it not?"

The idea was a novel one, but it seemed to me to be perfectly logical, and I told him so. He was pleased, and became more affable.

"You see," he said, "I have removed you from the earth for reasons that I am about to explain to you, and have made you as large as myself, which is considerably larger than you normally are. You still have the specific human vision which can see only in proportion to its own size, but now I am going to give you absolute vision so that your eye may perceive the most minute details and yet be capable of measuring infinite distances in space."

And with that he passed his hand across my eyes. The sensation I experienced was akin to the reeling sickness one feels when one comes suddenly to the edge of a precipice and looks down from the dizzy height at the houses and trees and fields and rivers below. The glass case became of inestimable depth, the spheres seemed to be immense distances apart, and were themselves of gigantic proportions. And yet I was able to cause my eye to perceive minute details on them, even to blades of grass and flies. Gradually I became accustomed to my improved and extended powers of vision. He showed me the sun, the planets, the earth; he drew my attention to the cities on the earth, to the men, and their dwellings.

"All this," he said, "is my creation. I made it. I am still making it. That is what I am for. Ages ago I began by making laws-Natural laws you call them on earth, but they are my laws. It took

me a long time to invent them, and when I had invented them I put them into force, I let them loose. And then I watched them operate. It was beautiful. It surpassed my expectations. I watched the formation of the spheres, the shaping of their orbits, the upheaval of mountains, the sinking of oceans, the deposition of continents. But, after a while, I tired of it. There was no variation, things happened regularly in cycles, with endless monotony and repetition. So I made a new law, I created Life. That provided me with a new fund of amusement. I multiplied the forms of life, I made them terrestrial, aquatic, aerial, I watched them compete, exterminate, and devour each other. But that too lost its interest. It was monotonous. Endless repetition of nutrition and growth, reproduction and death. And then a novel idea occurred to me. I would endow some animal with intellect, with reason. It would be like projecting a part of myself into my creation, and observing it. It could not become monotonous and uninteresting because it would be ever changing, developing, devising, creating. I admit I had some misgivings about it at first, because, you see, I can make anything, but I cannot undo anything I have done. And I could not clearly foresee what would happen to this intellect, knowing no restrictions, governed by no laws. But I risked it, I created man. From the first I found him tremendously interesting. By his craft and cunning he soon acquired mastery over the creatures about him. He invented languages, he did surprising things, he thought surprising thoughts. And then he began to make things. At first it was things to fight and kill with and things to wear for warmth. Then things to work with, tools, implements, and then, gradually, things to look at, decorating, carvings, pictures, monu-

ments, buildings. It was wonderful, I was greatly pleased. Man was by far the most magnificent of my creations. Then he began to think, to speculate. He created abstract conceptions, good and evil, right and wrong, duty, honour, and he made laws about them. He peered into the nature of his origin, and speculated as to his ultimate destination. His speculations were picturesque and fantastic, and all that was inexplicable, all that was incomprehensible he attributed to an omnipotent, omniscient power, which he worshipped and propitiated. Always, in his conceit, he imagined that he was eternal. Eternal! Even I do not understand the nature of Eternity. My origin and my ultimate fate are known only to my Maker. He alone is eternal and omniscient. But man believes that he is the centre, the heart, of this universe, and that all things in it were created for him. Recently he has begun to discover my laws, at first slowly and with many errors, and then with amazing rapidity and precision, until now he knows and uses most of them. He traced the formation and development of the earth, and the laws that govern the movement of the spheres in this universe; he has gone a long way towards discovering the nature of matter and he understands the laws that determine its behaviour. He has found out a great deal about life and its evolution upon earth, and he is beginning to investigate the nature of thought. With his intellect and his powers of reasoning he has discovered my laws, but he does not understand the origin of matter, the origin of life, and the origin of thought; because he has no imagination. He seeks laws and causes for everything, whereas for these things there are no causes; they were my idea, I made them. But he will discover them quite soon, if he continues meddling with them. He will

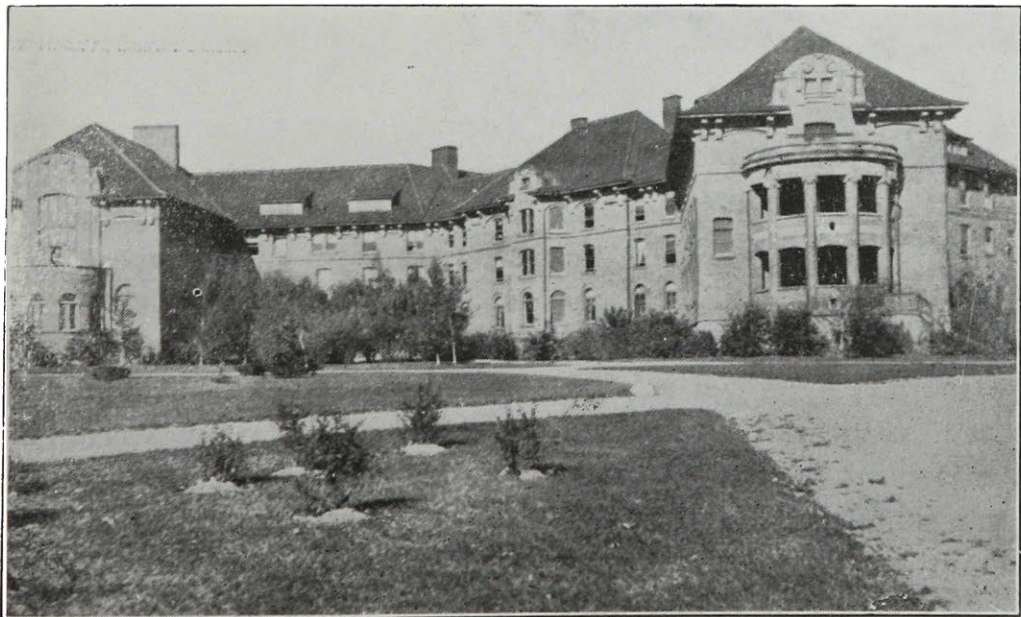
discover how to make matter, and how to create life, and when that happens he will know me, and we shall be on an equal footing. He will deprive me of my power over the universe, he will conquer me, subjugate me, and I cannot allow that. And so I have brought you here, and shown you these things, so that you may go back and warn mankind not to pry into first causes. If they would be saved from destruction let them be content to accept things as they are, and let them not be too inquisitive. For I will produce another race of creatures on another planet and let them exterminate one another, rather than allow man to gain control of the universe."

And with that he touched my eyes

and the universe grew larger and larger, until I was surrounded by spheres on all sides, and away into the boundless distances of space were spheres, and I fell through incredible depths of impenetrable darkness, and then I woke up in bed.

Now I suppose you will declare with complete assurance that it was a dream, just because I happened to be in bed when it occurred. But on reflection, you will agree that there could be no more suitable time for such an experience than at night when I would not be missed, and that, in any case, his warning was too serious a matter to be disregarded.

Moreover, "there are more things twixt heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."



Our Wider Interest

EDITOR—S. M. Walford

The Value of a Course in Agriculture

Dear Boys and Girls:—

Very likely the first thing you will say to yourself on reading the title of this letter will be, — “Oh, another lecture on the value of education and why we should be going eternally to school or college. Doesn't the Editor know we hear enough on that subject from the school trustees and other grown-ups every time they visit the school? But I am not a school trustee nor an agricultural agent nor a teacher in Agriculture; nor am I really a grown-up in the full sense of the word, although I am somewhat older than you are. On the contrary I am, like yourself, just one of the large number of the boys and girls who make up the student population of the Province.

Like you I must sit in a class room a large part of the day; when I am late I receive my share of criticism from the teacher (although we call them professors here), and I have to try examinations and study Grammar and Literature — only at College these subjects are titled English and Journalism. Still with all these I get so much enjoyment out of my College course and am so interested in all the things we do in an agricultural course that I think very highly of it and want to tell you something about the Course in Agriculture and why you should seriously consider enrolling for it after you have been through High School.

Before I go farther, however, I want to mention that this article will concern

the boys primarily. I am not very well up in the reasons why the girls should come to Macdonald — unless it is because there are always lots of nice boys here — and so in the next issue we will have a young lady who is studying Household Science here tell them something about her course.

Now there are numerous reasons why you as farmers' sons should take a course at an Agricultural College. They may, however, be summed up into one, and that is that it will make you better farmers. There is a rather shop-worn saying which might be taken as the motto of the Agricultural Colleges, namely, “better farmers, better business and better living.” This means that if our object is to make farm life more attractive and more worth while we must have a better business of farming or more prosperous farmers which in turn will only come with more efficient farming practise.

However to be efficient farmers and run your farm to the utmost advantage you first of all require a sound knowledge of the basic facts of Agriculture, and the surest and safest way of obtaining the required knowledge is through an agricultural course in conjunction with the experience you are getting now on the farm. Farming in recent years has come to be quite a science. It is just as much a science and there is just as much to learn about it as Electrical Engineering or Medicine. Maybe you realize this al-

ready and hope to acquire the necessary knowledge through experience on your father's farm and later on your own. But is that the way the engineer or the doctor or the lawyer goes about it? Doesn't each of these acquire his education first and put his knowledge into practice afterwards? And don't you think you would be more likely to succeed if you, too, obtained some real knowledge of the Science of Agriculture before you started out on your own?

In an agricultural course such as we have at Macdonald you will learn many things which would take you years of hunting on the farm to discover. You will learn not only the crops and varieties of crops best suited for certain conditions but also what goes on during their growth, the chemical reactions which are continually taking place in the soil; the part which the sun and the rain, the winter's cold and the heat of the summer play in these reactions, and the part which you, as owner of the farm, can play in directing and controlling these reactions so as to make them most favourable for the production of profitable crops.

In the management and feeding of livestock there are still more interesting facts valuable to know. Cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry are really the market through which the large part of the field crops of the farm are sold; and while these animals will grow and flourish to a remarkable extent under the most adverse feeding practices the point is that they should pay for what they consume and return in money the largest possible sum over and above the cost of the feed fed to them, if the owner is to make his farm a paying business. How to feed livestock economically and efficiently is a science in itself. Through a course in Agriculture you will be able to combine your knowledge of this science with your

own practical experience to immeasurable advantage.

You may be interested in poultry, market gardening or orcharding. These are such specialized phases of Agriculture nowadays that for the uninitiated success in their undertaking is extremely difficult without knowledge based on an agricultural course embodying these subjects.

Besides the above studies you will also learn the necessary facts concerning plant diseases, insect pests and all the other more scientific phases of farming. A knowledge of these is not only very valuable to the farmer but it has another worth in that it tends to make farming the most interesting and absorbing occupation a man could wish for.

I remarked before that better farming would result in better business and a better living for the farmer. The Agricultural College, however, does not teach better farming only and then wait for the others to follow. It will as well teach you something of the business of farming. You will learn about the markets of the world, the various trade channels through which farm produce must pass, why the prices of farm products rise and fall as they do, why it is profitable to produce wheat or hay or butter in one section of the country and not in another. To this end are given courses in rural economics, farm management, production costs, selling and all the other features which tend to make farming a business-like enterprise.

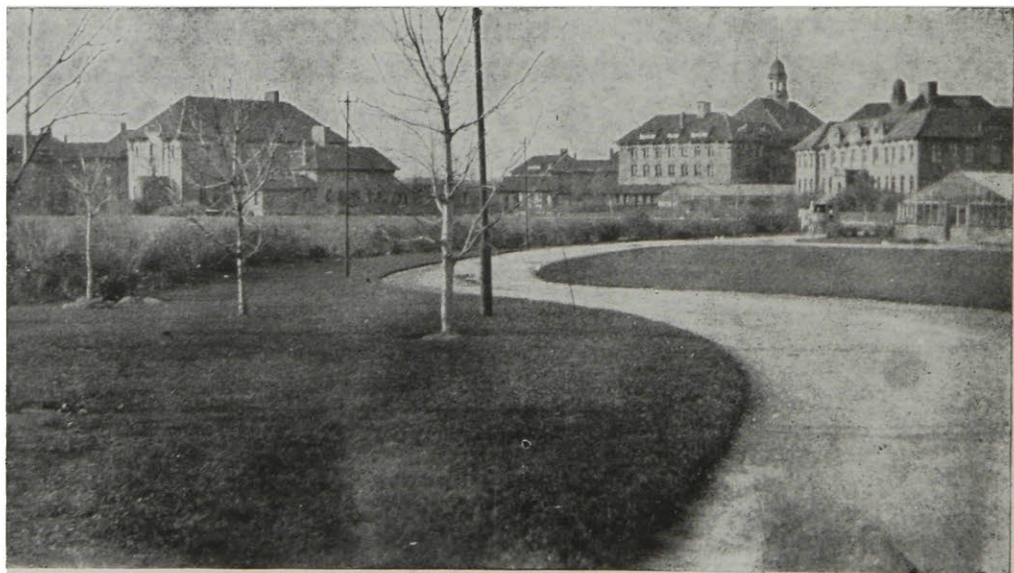
And then, so that you will acquire a fuller appreciation of the better things of life courses are giving involving literature, public speaking, and dramatics. Closely allied with these and of the same cultural value are the social life which a large college provides, the participation in sports and other activities, the contact with boys and girls from other parts of the country and from strange lands.

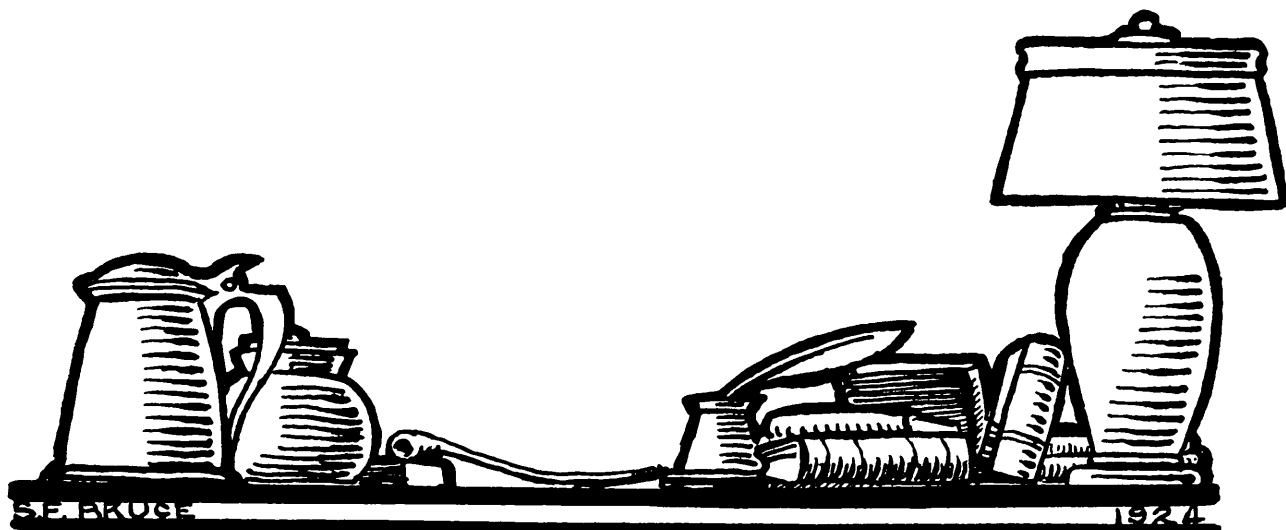
These are aspects of college life difficult to describe but in themselves worth all the time and money spent in going to college.

There is a story told that Andrew Carnegie was once asked what he considered the most important factor in Industry—labour, capital or education. He replied by asking another question—"What is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?" You all know what would happen if you sat down to milk on a stool from which one of the legs had been removed. You would soon find

yourself resting in some other place than that in which you intended. As an object to sit upon that stool would be of no further use until the leg was replaced. The business of farming will be your Industry, the Capital you already have in the form of your home farm. The required Labour will be that of muscles of your **arms and legs, hardened by use at the best kind of work in the world.** See to it that the third leg in your stool of Industry, Education will be as strong as the other two.—J. D. L.

J. D. L.





Under The Desk Lamp

MAGAZINE COMPETITION.

VOL. XV, No. 2.

A. Zoond has been awarded the prize for his "Dramatic Notes."

S. W. Hetherington is honourably commended — W. P. P., E. M. Dup., S. R. N. H.

March 14th, 1925.

The Editor,
Macdonald College Magazine,
Sir,

A gentleman of high academic attainment and sound judgment suggested recently that the spirit prevailing in our social activities induced students to stand upon the side-lines, and request George to participate. It has also been alleged in your editorial columns, that advantage is being taken of willingness, to foist the burden of sustaining our social activities upon already overloaded officers of executives.

I submit for your consideration a presentation of an aspect of our social environment, which, one is led to conjecture, may have been overlooked.

Plays materialize as if by a wave of a magic wand. A "smoker" is arranged as if by kindly stratagem of a fairy godmother: sing songs appear charmed into convivial existence: a beautiful cur-

tain comes into being with the silent spontaneity of flowers in spring.

Assuredly much work must have been accomplished which the members of associations have enjoyed without effort.

Would not more frequent meetings of the members with the executives of the various societies stimulate enthusiasm for co-operation in the work entailed; — and provide at once the satisfaction to the members of the privilege of participation in the conduct of their societies, and the realization that they are members of the society?

I have indited the above with extreme diffidence, as the conduct of our social affairs has been in most capable hands during the session: the various officers have our heartfelt gratitude: and one feels that under such circumstances even a suggestion savours of presumption.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

M. M. Ber.

Dear Sir,

Re the dramatic notes which appeared in the last issue of the magazine I wish to express regret that a critic who obviously possesses such confidence in his ability should refrain from affixing a signature to his comments. However, the notes are so similar in tone to another article there is a widespread supposition that we are indebted to one and the same for these valuable remarks concerning the feeble efforts of a struggling dramatic society. Be that as it may, we feel that such destructive criticism is unjust and uncalled for. Why, when dramatic talent was in great demand, did such true worth remain hidden under a bushel?

We do not wish to imply that the plays in any way approach perfection, but are the players altogether to blame? Could not the coach see and correct some of the glaring errors?

Readers, I ask you — how could a critic be so unkind as to belittle the efforts of amateurs who were good enough to give unstintingly of their time and energy in order that college life at Macdonald might be enlivened by a few little unpretentious theatricals?

This style of criticism might be very fittingly applied to professional players, but it is certainly discouraging to amateurs, especially those who appeared before the footlights, possibly for the first time. We are advised elsewhere in the magazine that "Individuals are so liable to be guided by considerations of a purely personal and private nature." Surely our critic is not such a victim!

Regarding the selection of plays which our critic considered exceedingly poor we will say nothing, but hope that someone more concerned in the matter will be heard from in the next issue.

I beg to remain, dear Sir,

An Interested Reader.

Dear Mr. Editor,

If you will be so generous as to grant me the space in your columns, I should like to make a few remarks in reply to the letter of "An Interested Reader" on the subject of my criticism of the plays produced by the Literary Society. Your correspondent is mistaken in supposing that I wished my criticism to remain anonymous. It was only because the notes were included as an item in the College Life section of the Magazine that they were published unsigned. I agree with your correspondent that it was a mistake, and had I had any suspicion that my notes would evoke such very emphatic disapproval I should most certainly have signed my name to them. I am grieved to find that your correspondent regards me as a critical and rather hostile outsider, when, on the contrary, I feel myself to be an enthusiastic and sympathetic participant. But I will not abuse your generosity by indulging in personal polemics.

There is, however, one question of general interest that I think deserves our careful consideration. Are we, in our college activities, to pursue a policy of general self congratulation and mutual admiration, or are we to be sparing in our praise, and adopt rather an attitude of sympathetic criticism? I am strongly of the opinion that the latter is the more desirable policy. After all, our Magazine is published primarily for ourselves; it remains, so to speak, in the family, and since we can all be alternately both critics and criticized, we should be able to derive considerable benefit, as well as amusement, from mutual criticism. Your correspondent is quite correct in suggesting that the critic could probably do no better himself, for criticism is always easier than performance, but that is precisely the reason why we should have criticism.

We cannot attain perfection, but we can at least write about it, and aim for it.

I remain, Sir,

Yours very truly,

A. Zoond.

Mister Editor,

Macdonald's College Magazine

Dear Mister Editor,

I just made a big discovery and I want to tell you all about it.

Class games at Mister Macdonald's College is the bunk. They're no use to nobody and all they do is start a whole flock of itching under the hide.

Some fellas tells me these trick leagues starts a lad pulling hard for Almumater, but that's more bunk. Just gets the boys all riled most of the time, and the way they grouse around the halls after a holdup, would make the Serial Department look like a hive of industry. And then when the big team's all sot for a tournymment in the big drag, they're all plumb wore out with this all-fired argu-fying over these little one horse set-tos.

Now they's one bright lad here's been a-tellin' me that the big team's gotta have some little shines to see the new hands work out. But gosh-ding it all, it ain't worth all the sore heads it makes getting one class all het up against another just for the sake of picking out a new fielder.

Listen! I got a corking idea. Old stag-ers say they used to have rip-snortin' Bush Leagues here oncet. They was the Headhunters, the Rough Riders, the Humdingers and the Bootleggers, all scrapping friendly-like to see who was th best man. Don't reckon they ever found out, but they had a whale of a time trying. Any fellow that thought he'd be the better of a little roughhouse just put his mark on a piece of paper on the notice board and some Weary fellow hereabouts put him on a strongarm squad for the next riot. Now then was rare old

times, and the only thing left a fellow wild was when he tripped some lad on the other team and the dumb brute didn't up and cuss him for it.

Now come I've got my hunch fair hatched (and I'd a bet my hard collar it war a-pippin') the lad that boards cross the fence from me puts me hep to some dainty mugs that are give for these duels. What you reckon to do with them, he sneers. That near put me loco for a spell, but it don't worry me no longer. Instead of tacking a tin plate on the stump of the cup with "1924 *Won by Class 23*" scratched on it, just put a big nick with "Ripsnorters" alongside. Then come ten-fifteen years when a old stand-by leads his get around hereabouts showing them where he larned it all, he'll nigh bust the buttons offen his vest when he shows them that nick, cuz he'll mind dashed well what a job it was for him to win the prize, with all them green hands loafin' 'round the floor and forever gettin' in his road.

And that's on the level, Mister Editor, from,

Si Willigan.

Dear Mr. Editor

The relation between the educational and the physical has of late become a matter of extreme interest in the college life. Some time ago athletics were an outlet, a diversion, but today they have become an integral part, a business. One thing is certain however, we *have* the athletic life now within the walls of learning, the question remains, what shall we do with it?

There is a definite aim which we must never lose sight of — that athletics are intended to round off a well-balanced life. The healthy body which athletics develop is an asset throughout life, the team spirit, we stress so much, helps us to live life to the fullest, but through it all the in-

tellectual should be stressed as the major part of our training. True, it may take a mind equally acute to think out a good football play as to complete a mathematical deduction but here philosophy enters in and asks us to determine which is more useful socially. There are a host of inter-relations we cannot here discuss it will suffice to say that a healthy mind makes possible a healthy body.

We are only too apt to think that the smaller the student body, the less are we susceptible to over-indulgence in athletics—a deduction which we very much question. The truth of the matter is that we are decidedly more susceptible. The students fewer, the sport interests as numerous as in the larger institutions, naturally the athletic life is shouldered by a few, often to the neglect of their studies. For example let us take our own institution. Taking rugby, basketball and hockey as major sport activities we will inquire as to who bears the brunt of them. Practically every member of the football squad has taken part in one of the other two major branches, and were it not for their schedules clashing many would have entered all three. The rugby team practised every afternoon after four, the other teams probably three times a week and, added to this, was, on an average, one game per week. If the man goes into the practice or game as he ought to he won't be in any condition to study after supper—this leads us to ask the question when will we work?

The answer to this is given usually, between the hours of seven and eight or ten and eleven on Tuesdays or Thursdays. Men who have served their time on the gridiron now may keep fit in less frequent class games, where the higher standard, set by the college teams, is not required. Then too, as college athletics develop, or are supposed to develop, a good, healthy, college spirit, so class sports create a class spirit. Were the teams formed from student groups our college life would be just a confederation of cliques. Other things tend to develop the clique enough, we need athletics to break their hold.

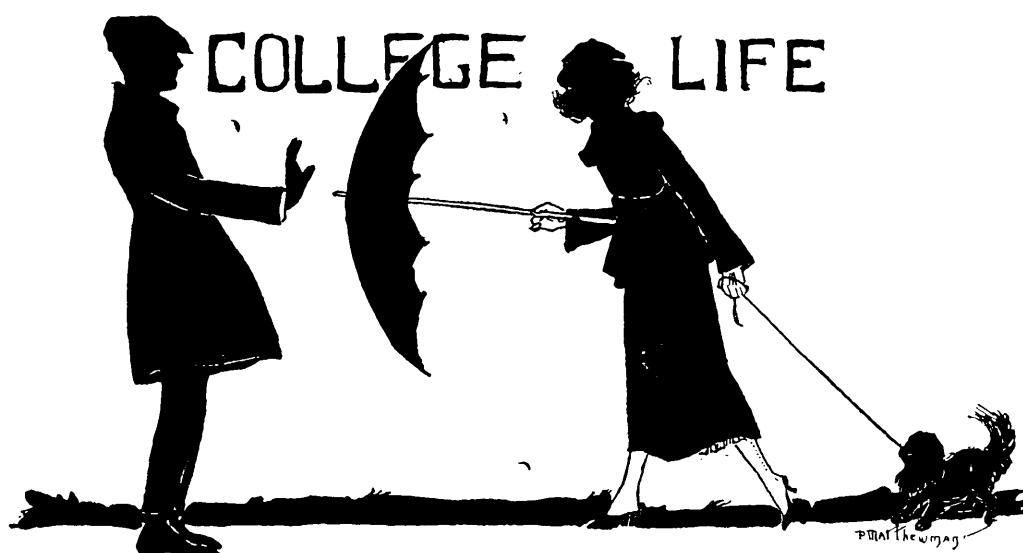
In our college life we find many activities which require much time after athletics are through. The Literary and Debating Society, the Magazine, the S. C. A. the Social Activities all must be supported, and too often, it is the same willing few that carry the weight of their burden. The man who has gone through the season with a college team, be it a first or a second, deserves enough rest to keep his work in shape and to lend a hand in the literary or social lines. Too often our basketball captain is our social leader, our literary genius and our S. C. A. organiser. Let us all go at top speed all the time in everything and we will have a winning team, talented debaters and, after our year or years here are over, creditable alumni.

I Remain

Yours truly

D. C. Munroe.





THE HOBO PARTY.

Saturday March 7th brought another eventful evening. With rather an effort the Social Activities Committee managed to crowd into a very full month a very successful Hobo Party, the second of the year.

Supper was hardly over when wild shrieks and giggles were heard from all corridors of both residences. Soon queer apparitions made their way to the girls' gymnasium where the "Hobos" and all were duly received.

Queer, indeed, is the effect of mere ridiculous costumes on people, mirth and ridicule spread like fire. Soon the party was in full swing and few noticed the disturbance caused when the appointed judges did not appear.

Grave members of the staff, watching proceedings from the bench, were presumably there for a purpose, but this was mere illusion. When the "hobos" were called for the grand march varied were the costumes; some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns. 'Round and across the gym. they went while the judges, apparently from the bench, were deciding the fate of the most ingenious hobos. At last, the march over, the judges were called forth. An old watchman

and his wife, who had previously caused much curiosity as to their identity, hobbled up to piano. Much surprise was evidenced when they were introduced as Mrs. Brunt and Mrs. Lochhead who had kindly consented to act as judges. This was not the only surprise of the evening, however. As the "hobos" became known members of the staff were recognized.

To choose the best or worst hobos of the party was no light task and all agreed that the decision was well grounded. Marion Forbes arrayed in gunny sacks and plumes (of a sort) was awarded first prize. Beryl Thorne decked with kitchen utensils clattered up to receive second prize and Margaret Gardner, as the French doll, came forward to receive the consolation prize. It would be hard to find a more regular hobo than John Sanborn, who won first prize. Norman Henry running a close second was awarded second prize, while Stephen Walford, the perfect girl skipped lightly across the floor for the consolation prize.

After a few more dances the tired company was assembled for a picture. Then followed with God Save the King and the party dispersed for it was nearly 10:30 P. M. (time for respectable people to retire and tramps take to the street.)

THE ROBERTSON SHIELD DEBATE

Of all inter-class competitions, that for the Robertson Shield arouses the most interest. Is it that, after all, we possess a secret feeling that dexterity on the platform is more to be desired than skill on the gym floor? At any rate, excitement was intense when the learning sophs met the learned Seniors in February.

Miss D. Foster, as chairman, announced the subject and conditions of the debate. The debaters then took their seats—the Seniors on the right, the Sophomores on the left. The subject was: Resolved that Civilization is Retrogressive.

Unless the points at issue are brought out by the debaters, and proof given why we should accept the view of one side rather than that of the other, a debate, as such, ceases to be, and we then have merely a set of speeches on the same subject, thought presenting different viewpoints. That is, we look for a clash between the arguments of the two sides.

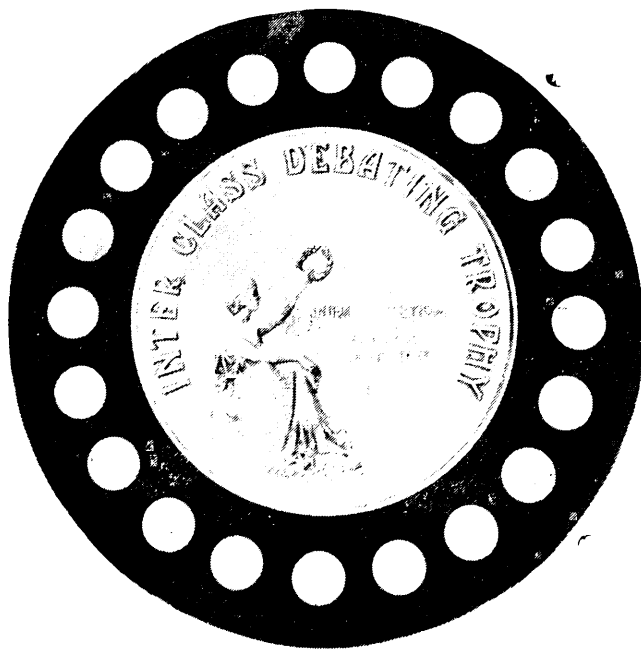
This we found to a greater extent in this debate than in some of the others held here. But here again it might have been better if the differences had been

more sharply defined. This would have been accomplished if there had been more limitations as to the scope of the arguments. For example, the sophomores, to prove that civilization is progressive, compared the present conditions with those during the Industrial Revolution; the Seniors, on the other hand, go to the times before 1760 as a basis for comparison with the present age. Thus they failed really to come to grips.

Mr. Fogerty, the leader on the affirmative, traced the development of civilization from the first discoveries of the "mysteries of agriculture" to the present day. He drew a parallel between the conditions which caused the fall of Rome and those of to-day, came to the conclusion favorable to his side. Chaotic Russia, unbearable taxes,

and loss in pride of workmanship, were among the other topics discussed.

The next speaker was Mr. Rowell. He advanced his arguments along social and educational lines. Illiteracy had decreased during the last decade throughout the world. The greater comfort and more refined atmosphere found in the average



The Robertson Shield for Debating, won by Agriculture '25, Session 1924-25.

home to-day was stressed.

"What are the results of modern civilization?" cried Mr. Hempson, the second speaker for the Seniors. How can we say that we are progressive when profiteering, unemployment, poverty and insanity are rife? The world is too materialistic; the intensity of the struggle is so fierce that countless numbers break under the strain and become insane every year. In the United States alone 662 persons are taken to the insane asylum daily—no wonder Americans do so many incomprehensible things!

After replying to some of the arguments of his opponents, Mr. Hicks, the most able speaker of the evening, supplemented his colleague's arguments. He indicated the advance in all sciences—in the means

of communication, in Chemistry, in Physics, in Biology, in Medicine and Surgery. He then dwelt upon what all this has meant to us, increased happiness, greater comfort and a lengthened life.

After Mr. Fogerty had spent his five minutes in rebuttal, the judges retired. The audience was then entertained with several vocal selections by Miss Ross, assisted by Miss Mackay on the piano.

Prof. Dickson, the Chairman of the judges, made a few remarks on the subject of the debate and the matter presented; he then announced that the decision was in favour of the Seniors.

Miss Foster then presented the Robertson Shield to Mr. Lanthier, of the Senior Year. The rush to Mrs. Wrights' was on.

W. L.

Dramatic Notes

Since the publication of last month's Dramatic Notes, only one play has been staged in the Assembly Hall. *Mr. Bob*, a farce in two acts by Rachael Baker was we consider, in many ways an unfortunate choice. At a college it is reasonable to expect that plays chosen for representation, however light they may be, should possess some literary value. *Mr. Bob* has no lesson to teach in dramatic construction, dialogue, or any branch of stage technique. To take only one example, stage asides and lengthy soliloquies were resorted to in order to inform us of the events which occurred off-stage. Had *Mr. Bob* been performed in a small town we would have been content to overlook such technicalities, at Macdonald we feel entitled to demand that if time be spared for dramatics, some permanent value should be gained by performers and audience. Be that as it may, *Mr. Bob* kept us breathless from start to

finish and the actors well deserved the enthusiastic reception which was accorded them. The plot was something of a hotch-potch, the chief constituents of which were a spinster with a passion for cats, a stage-struck housemaid and a stolid butler, the whole flavoured by about half-a-dozen mistaken identities.

Miss Foster and Frank Bruce acted excellently together as the housemaid and butler. Miss Foster showed a delicacy of touch which made one regret that she has not been seen this year in any more congenial part, and both she and Mr. Bruce are to be commended for the vitality which they injected into their lines. Miss Beatty gave us a neat characterization of the spinster which was always adequate and never overdone, while Cecil Bruce was delightfully bewildered as the unwilling bearer of many aliases. Miss Beard and Miss Honey had parts which demanded less

characterization, and as the feminine *Mr. Bob* and her friend *Katherine* they were natural and confident. Steve Ward as the spinster's nephew also filled his part successfully, but he would do well to moderate his voice and stride when on the stage.

The stage setting was admirable and drew the envy of all who have attempted any scenic effects in the Assembly Hall.—R. F. V. C.

PLAY READING

The first meeting of the newly inaugurated Play Reading Club under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society was held on Friday evening, February 20th, in the Reception Room of the Women's Residence. The outstanding success of the meeting was due to the happy choice of the play.

Barrie's delightful one-act comedy, or maybe we would be more justified in calling it a tragedy, "*The Twelve Pound Look*," is entertaining and holds our attention at any time.

The setting of the play, supposedly in Sir Harry Sims' home, which, as Barrie instructs us may be any home, gave an air of reality to the play.

Mr. Zoond was excellent in the part of Sir Harry Sims, the egotistical, self-made man with his newly acquired baronetcy.

Miss Beattie may be particularly commended for her reading of Lady Sim's part. She portrayed the once happy character, now cringing to her lord and master, very realistically.

The part of the confident, contented successful business woman of the world, Sir Harry's first wife, was read by Miss Farrell who made a clever foil for Sir Harry's unlimited vanity. With her portable typewriter and business-like air, Miss Farrell appeared as a stenographer of whom Barrie himself would be proud.

Too much encouragement cannot be

given to such meetings. In this way students may become familiar with plays of a high order and derive much benefit and entertainment therefrom.

Two plays were read at the second gathering of the play-reading club. The first, *The Far Away Princess* by Gault, the second *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, by Bernard Shaw.

The Far Away Princess, was a delightful full playlet with a truly lovely thought behind it. Mr. Angell, as a shy romantic German, secretly cherished a passion for the *Far Away Princess* whom he had never seen.

Finally, when encountered by the Princess in person, he does not wish to have his ideal touched by reality and realizes that only as a dream can his *Far Away Princess* be all that he desires.

Mr. Angell was particularly good, playing his part with familiarity and ease. Miss Duval as the *Far Away Princess* displayed a nice delicacy in a difficult role. Miss Major, the Princess' companion, was most solicitous of her mistress and bustled around in true lady-in-waiting fashion.

The Dark Lady of the Sonnets is a play in which Queen Elizabeth, Will Shakespeare, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and the Beefeater, are all brought together for one short hour. It is a unique fancy of Bernard Shaw's which makes Will Shakespeare indebted to each in turn for the wit or lyric beauty of a line — the which he will later weave into the fabric of one of his plays.

Notwithstanding the fact that the scenic effects and the Elizabethan costumes would greatly aid in producing the old-world atmosphere, the readers, by their interpretation, gave the audience a sense of mystery, and romance.

Miss McCrimmon, as Queen Elizabeth, combined the dignity of a Tudor with the masculine outspokenness of Henry VIII.

Miss Parker, the unknown lady mentioned in the sonnets was impulsive and truly feminine — in fine contrast to the Queen.

Mr. Rackstraw, by his sympathetic interpretation of the part of Will Shakespeare, easily held the interest of the audience throughout many lengthy speeches.

Last, but not least was the brawny Beefeater, Mr. Richard Cooper, was most

realistic as he shook his keys and yawned while the clock struck twelve. He should look to his voice however, as he tends to be inaudible.

The writer wonders if this play was chosen as a plea to the continuance of the dramatic effort at this college. As Shakespeare pled for a national theatre, and for the production of the finest plays, so we leave the beginning of what we hope will eventually be a Little Theatre at Macdonald.

Trip to Canadian Packing Company's Abattoir

If the Senior Ads. did not all go to the Alma Mater dance they were not discouraged. Too much excitement would never do for one week end and they already had accepted an invitation to visit an abattoir in Montreal on Saturday.

There was great excitement when a notice was posted, announcing that Dr. Snell would accompany the B. H. S., Senior Ads. and Post Grads. into Montreal to visit an abattoir on Saturday March 7th. In fact one of the Senior Ads. was heard to exclaim—"Thrills! I just love dancing in Montreal."

Everyone was at the C. N. R. Station long before the 7:45 arrived. This, to those who know the girls at Mac, may seem exaggerated — but such is not the case — We were all *thrilled* with the thought of a visit to an abattoir. Much to our surprise on entering the Bonaventure Station we were ushered into a huge limousine and glancing around we perceived our fellow students were being treated alike. After passing through Griffintown — and travelling still further west to Point St. Charles we arrived at our destination, the Canadian Packing Co.

Without any unnecessary time being wasted we were at once escorted through the buildings. It was a most interesting experience, and after we had accustomed ourselves to the fragrant odour we enjoyed every minute thoroughly.

First we were shown the methods used in killing the various animals, and our disappointment in learning that Saturday is not a killing day was somewhat overcome when we were urgently invited to come again any week day.

We students of Domestic Science were, of course, interested in the manufacture of lard, shortening and the various processes of cooking hams, bacons and even our old friends the sausage and bologna. Our guide was only too pleased to give us any information regarding everything we saw — he even seemed glad to answer our endless questions. The president of the Senior Ads on asking him the difference between Windsor and Breakfast Bacon, which we were all anxious to know, was given the information very clearly.

The Post Grad was of course not interested in the same things as ourselves. However he was interested in the huge refrigerating systems where tons of liquid

ammonia were used hourly to keep the temperature below zero.

In the egg judging room, much was our surprise, when we couldn't discover a single egg which was not absolutely fresh. Everything was very clean —all the workers are obliged to wear huge white aprons and caps which are laundered in a special laundry room in the building.

One thing that attracted our attention was a large card with the word "Held" printed on it. This was attached to a carcass of beef — in one of the refrigerators. This carcass the veterinary surgeon explained to us had dragged on the floor

and so could only be used in the manufacture of lard. This veterinary surgeon, by the way, is in the employ of the company.

Each year all the buildings have an entirely fresh coat of paint applied, which helps to explain the \$22,000 annual expenditure.

After completing our tour we were escorted once more back to the city by the way which we had come.

The thanks of the class are due to Dr. Snell for a very interesting as well as educational trip. —M. B.



Dramatic Club

Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

We propose publishing as usual a complete list of Macdonald College graduates with their addresses in the last number of the magazine. In order to make this list as complete and up-to-date as possible all graduates who have changed their addresses within the last few months are asked to notify the G. S. of the change.

Requests from other institutions for copies of a complete list of our alumni or of the addresses of individuals only, are of very frequent occurrence. Hence the importance to ourselves (perhaps) of keeping this list correct.

A list of the present fourth year students who will be graduating this spring is given below. These young men will soon be joining our ranks and we should try and help them as much as we can. Not all of them have positions waiting for them on graduation. Should any graduate know of a position suitable for any of these young fellows, he is hereby asked to get in communication with the student himself and the head of his department as well.

Goldie, J. A.	Horticulture
Haslam, R. J.	Agronomy
Hempson, J. A.	Selective
Hill, H.	Plant Pathology
Hunt, G. E.	Animal Husbandry
Lanthier, J. D.	Animal Husbandry
Owen, C. W.	Agronomy
Ross, J. B.	Seed Selective
Tully, W. C.	Poultry Selective
Ward, F. S.	Plant Pathology

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

W. N. Jones, '20, formerly Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry at the University of British Columbia and also secretary of the Jersey Breeders' Association of British Columbia, is now connected with the Albert Dickinson Company of Chicago, Ills., a large feed and seed company. Mr. Jones' new work carries the title of "Chief Animal Nutritionist," and will bring him into contact with many dairymen and breeders.

L. C. McOuat, '15, is one of two Canadians appointed by the Canadian Government to attend the Imperial Economic Committee conference which is now being held in London with a view to promoting Imperial trade in agricultural products. We all congratulate "L. C." on his appointment and wish him luck in his mission.

<i>Student</i>	<i>Option</i>
Angell, H. R.	Plant Pathology
Brigham, J. H.	Animal Husbandry
Cooke, H. E.	Poultry Selective
Fleury, J. P.	Animal Husbandry
Fogerty, C. D.	Poultry Selective

Agricultural Undergraduates

The Men's Dance on February 13th, got us in touch again with several of the "old boys."

Art Heslop, '23, Frank Millinchamp, Mac McLennan, '23, Stan Pearce, '26, Jacques Rousseau, '26, Sid Cameron, Alex McCormick W. C. '24 Billy Ness, W. C. '24, Frank Clayton W. C. '23, C. F. Hawke W. C. '23, H. J. McQuaig W. C. '23, Donald McNaughton W. C. '21, '22, Ed. Baker, Stewart Stote, John Gillespie, Norm. Henry W. C. '22, '23, and Bruce Cairncross, W. C. '24 were all on hand and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

Art Heslop and Frank Millinchamp are helping to run Macdonald smoothly.

Mac McLennan still thrives on teaching at Montreal High.

The Machinery course is proving invaluable to Stan Pearce in the garage business in Montreal.

Jacques Rousseau will soon be able to unravel legal snags for you — at least, that's what he's studying for now at l'Université de Montreal.

Norm Henry is again with us — this time working to get 100 per cent (production) at the Poultry Department.

All the others are trying to make general farming pay.

We take this opportunity of extending to Ian Hay (late of '26) the sincere sympathy of the student body in the recent loss of his father.

Russell Cooper '23 is still with the Laurentide P. & P. at Grand'Mere.

S. Whitney W. C. '24 was with us for a few days during the recent apple-packing school.

Alf. Hobart '24 is now at Meadville, Pa. studying for the ministry.

Doug. Bradford '24 and brother Bruce, W. C. '22 are in the dairying line together at Lachute.

Alex Kirkland, W. C. '24 writes from Detroit, where he is getting a line on automobile manufacture, previous to looking over farming conditions in Ontario.

* * *

All of you "old boys" who have read this page would like to know more about more of the old timers you used to know here. So would we. If you run across any live news about any of them, please hand it along to this department. We'll greatly appreciate it, and so will your old classmates scattered all over the Dominion, who depend mostly on this section to keep in touch with their past "side kicks."





The Short Courses

BY G. A. SHAW. AGR. '27

Since the beginning of the new year the total number of students in residence has increased considerably on five different occasions. This was due to the five short courses in agriculture held at the college during the first three months of 1925.

The first short course of the series was held by the Horticulture Department in the interests of the beekeepers of the Province. This course included lectures and practical work in the various phases of apiculture which took up the mornings and afternoons, while the evenings were employed in the discussion of popular subjects and attending moving-picture entertainments. Besides the lectures given by its own staff, the Department of Horticulture was particularly fortunate in obtaining the services of several outside speakers. These were Mr. Gooderham of the Federal Department and Prof. Eric Millen as well as Mr. John A. McKinnon and Mr. R. H. Willis, a well-known queen-breeder of Beauharnois, Que.

The short course in Horticulture, which came next, was attended by 57 persons, a large number of whom came from this vicinity. The programme extended over a period of four days and included olericulture, floriculture, and fruit-growing. In addition to the usual problems of

vegetable, flower, and fruit-growing attention was paid to insect and fungus diseases and their control. The Department of Horticulture was generously assisted in this work by many notable speakers from outside the college, such as Mr. Macoun and Mr. Ritchie of the Central Experimental Farm, Mr. Petch of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, and Mr. E. B. Luke of Luke Bros., Montreal.

The third short course was given under the auspices of the Poultry Department. It is very interesting to note in connection with this course that by far the greater part of the eighty-one students are general farmers who are interested in developing poultry as a profitable side line on their farms. The lectures and demonstrations dealt chiefly with popular poultry subjects, such as judging fowls for egg production, candling and preparing eggs for the market, preparation of poultry for sale, as well as incubator and brooder operation. The staff of the Poultry Department was ably assisted in putting on this course by the members of several of the other departments as well as by representatives of the Live Stock Branch and the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The short course in Agricultural Engin-

eering lasted from February 2nd. until the 14th. In the syllabus were included lectures and practical work in farm shop-work, gas engines, and blacksmithing. Although an attendance of only 23 was registered, a much smaller number than last year, it was found that this number of students was most desirable from the standpoint of the instructors, in that a greater number of students would have necessitated dividing the class into 2 sections. This course was attended almost exclusively by men from farming communities for whose instruction it was, primarily intended. The success of the course was materially assisted by the generosity of a number of firms which lent machinery to the Department. Among these were the Massey-Harris Co., the International Harvester Co., Fairbanks-Morse, and Carron Bros.; 24 films dealing with agricultural engineering subjects were exhibited, the one in which the most interest was perhaps shown be-

ing "A Trip through a Tractor Factory" by Prof. Yerkes of Chicago.

In order to encourage the apple-growers of this province in box-packing, a short course dealing with this subject was organized by the Horticulture Department. This course was divided into two sections, there being 25 students in the English-speaking division and 17 in the French-speaking part. One feature of this course was the apple-grading machine which greatly impressed the short course students and others.

The members of the various departments which planned the short courses should be very much encouraged by the enthusiasm with which they were greeted by the members of the farming communities of Quebec. This is a most favourable sign from the standpoint of agriculture as it is largely through the medium of free instruction in better practices that the methods of farming employed at present will be improved.



The British churchgoer prefers a severe preacher, because he thinks a few home truths will do his neighbors no harm.

SHAW



College Ethics

DAVID C. MUNROE

"Studies are transformed into manners." Francis Bacon thus gives us the fundamental relation between learning and ethics. We expect the most perfect ethical code from those who know most. Our associations have a direct influence on our morals and for this reason the college should be expected to produce the moral standards of the race. The armoured knight, in his day, had a direct and lasting influence on ethics. A titled aristocracy has played its part. Today, in our democracy, where can we hope to find a stabilizing influence if not in the halls of learning? The college has but come into its own.

We are social creatures. Whether by force or by choice matters not. Today our every action is so bound up in society that we cannot break away if we would. It is this society that makes laws needful, and it is the individual that makes ethics necessary. When we are perfect morally, we shall need no law. Government becomes less needful as our moral standards are raised. We should endeavour so to standardise and habitualise ethics, that law

may gradually be eliminated. Perfect relationship with our neighbour necessitates some moral conviction, for ourselves, to work on. There must be a clear and a definite idea of what we live for, of what other men live for and of how we may all live in harmony and reach our respective goals. To reach our generalizations here, we must be not at all hasty, but logical and painstaking. However, when once our generalization is formed, it must not be elastic. Circumstance does not alter law, that is why law is effective. With ethics it should be the same.

Society today is distrustful of the twentieth century college. Woodrow Wilson says this discontent is not bred by antagonism or hostility, but by an honourable devotion. Unfortunately for the college, it is judged, not only by what it puts out, but also by what it takes in. The first fault is with the undergraduate. Often he is not at college to learn, and not serious in his study. He is not sufficiently conscious of the responsibility which rests on his shoulders as a deputy of society to the university. If the undergrad-

uate is insincere, lazy and uninterested, his attitude will not be changed by the faculty, if it remains as it is today. The whole college, faculty and undergraduates, should be a convention of students, some more advanced than others, but all studying for the attainment of a common goal — a better society. Today, in many cases, the members of the faculty are not co-students, but masters. The university should be an educational community, bound together by common ideals and living for the common good.

Our colleges therefore, through the teaching of ethics, have a golden opportunity of righting the world. Our ethics should be concerned with the relation of the good to the useful and the pleasant to the desirable. The basis of our ethics is experience. Grecian moralists were the first to enumerate the maxims which form the foundation of our present day code. Roman philosophy centred around two theories one preaching pleasure and the other forbearance. To Christianity, we must attribute many virtues hitherto unknown. Faith, hope, self-sacrifice and peace are all products of Christian thought. There is another lesson that we, of the college, must learn from experience, if our influence is to be felt. The Middle Ages saw ethics and morality cloistered. The religious community was isolated from the people. At no time were moral standards so neglected or immorality more in evidence. To be an influence we must be an active factor, not a unit, aloof and apart. We must be missionaries, not hermits. The fundamental law of ethics is "Know thyself," and the second law is "Know thy neighbour."

Our social relations must be guided by an unchangeable code. Charles Lamb tells of a certain Joseph Paice "who though bred a Presbyterian and brought up a merchant, was the finest gentleman of

his time." The reason for his gallantry, Lamb ascribes to his inviolable code of etiquette. "He would tenderly escort a market woman, as if she had been a Countess." Paice standardized his code so as to include all women, and so in ethics we must include all humanity.

Thus far we have been commenting on ethics and colleges, let us now deal more particularly with college ethics. The college should be cosmopolitan, non-sectarian and non-partisan. Consideration and sympathy are two essentials to the life of any student. Opinions will differ, convictions will not be the same and our religious beliefs will vary widely. We must early learn to appreciate another's point of view without losing our own. The faculty will teach us how to form our opinions and our intercourse with our fellow students should teach us to appreciate another viewpoint.

Too often we are hasty in coming to conclusions. Our process of deduction should be characterised by accurate information and careful consideration of it. The very term student implies care, thought and deliberate action. The true student leaves nothing in doubt. He forms his opinions and gathers material to back them up. If this be true of opinions and beliefs, we may also apply it when we form opinions of people. Our deduction is never complete until we have both good and bad points both with regard to creed and people.

To interpret evidence correctly, we must be logical in our thinking. The virtue of logic is brevity and orderliness. To a well trained mind it is easy to summarize and separate good evidence from bad and it is such a summary that satisfies inquiry. Correct interpretation demands adequate and accurate information.

There is a tendency on the part of col-

lege men today, rather to overwork their organs of speech. There seems to be a mania among college people to talk. Worse than this, a certain element of our citizenship who delight in broadcasting misconceived ideas, regard the university as their lawful playground. The result is obvious. We have too much talk and too little thinking. We are afraid to say "I don't know." It is clearly the function of the college to remedy this state. The cure is more thought and more consideration.

Healthy thought will not produce priggishness. Class was the outcome of misinterpreted religion, unhealthy economics and bankrupt overlords. The good college is the best medicine, the faculty the best doctors for the conceited mind. Any attempt on the part of this priggish element to grow within the college must be strongly opposed. The prig cannot be barred by a change in the matriculation standard, but rather by creating such a condition within the college itself, that the prig will be eliminated.

The faculty should play a large part in developing the moral code of the college. Today its influence is rather indirect. The college circle should include the professor as well as the student. Our present system resembles too much the military system. The faculty seem almost barred from intercourse with the undergraduate body. We have borrowed too much from the system of the German university where the student is regarded as an investigator with some previous training. Our faculty holds itself aloof and apart from undergraduate activities outside the class — room. The professors should not be defied but respected. Today our instructors regard teaching as a secondary consideration. They regard research and investigation as their business. They are accessible only at speci-

fied times, for certain purposes. Such conditions cannot produce a healthy moral condition in the college.

Our life in, as well as out, of college should be characterized by altruism. We all have a debt to society which we must early begin to repay. The happiest man is he who takes most interest in society as a whole. The fact that we are students only serves as another reminder that we owe something to society. Altruism is the best guarantee for happiness.

One of the first demands of the college is friendship, and ability to live in society. The spirit of fraternity is the very foundation of the college. We must be able to adjust ourselves so as to fit into society. Friendship demands virtue. Vice divides, virtue brings together. The college is the home of friendship because it is there that we find virtue. Fraternity demands something of each party affected. The college should teach us to give this something without losing our personality.

If the college is to play the part expected of her, she must make her house spotless. Instruction plays but a small part in governing action. It is largely habit that determines. Ethics must have as their foundation sound principles gleaned from experience. The moral code must be carefully compiled. The code is only a factor inasmuch as it influences habit. Feeling, perception, custom and tradition all play their part in forming habit. The college must first be pure, and its influence must be felt by all who are a part of it. The college should be known by its ideals. The university must inspire its members with the spirit of its convictions. It must surround them with those things which produce consideration, forbearance, careful deduction, thought, altruism and friendship. The spirit of the college must be such that it

will induce its students to adopt its ideals. When the spirit of a high idealism permeates the college itself, it will influence the outside world.

Magazine Prize Competition

The following conditions should be read by all the contributors:—

I. A. All written contributions (except those specified in Para. 1, Sect. B) shall be considered as entered for the contest unless otherwise specified by their authors.

B. 1. Contributions whose authors are not registered at Macdonald College, whether as graduate or undergraduate students) shall not be eligible.

2. Contributions which have previously won prizes at Macdonald College shall not be eligible.

II. Contributions shall be judged under the following headings:—

1. Originality of treatment.
2. Adaptation of style to subject.
3. Composition and mechanical correctness — including spelling, grammar, punctuation, neatness, etc.

III. No contributions shall be considered which are received later than the closing date announced by the Editor.

IV. For EACH issue of the Magazine a prize of BOOKS to the value of two dollars (\$2.00) shall be awarded to the competitor whose contribution in the opinion of the Board of Judges best fulfills the requirements of Para. II.

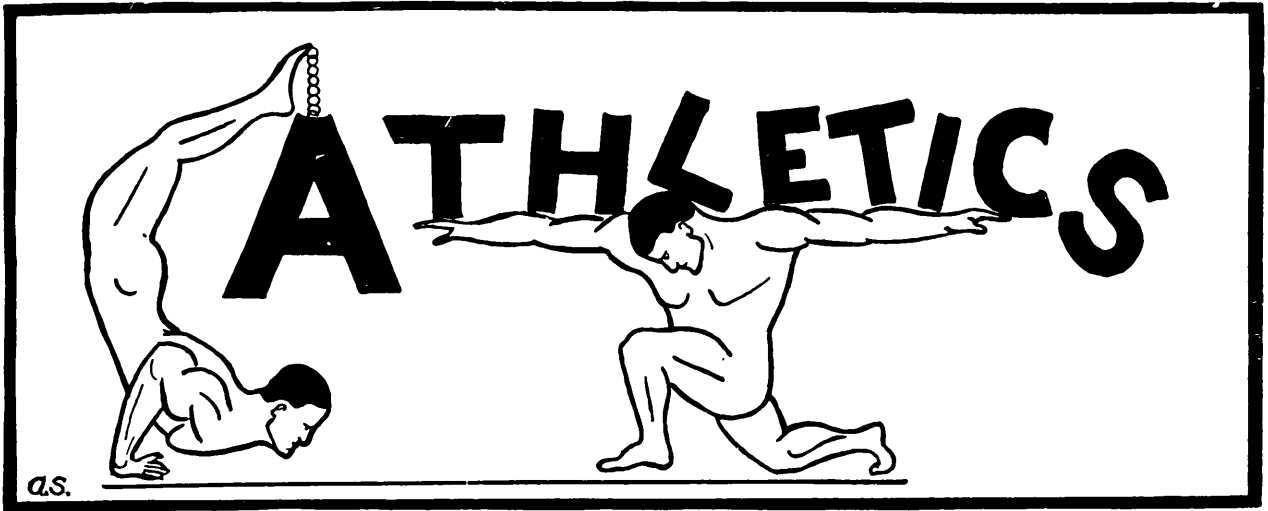
V. The choice of the books which are to compose his or her prize shall be left to the discretion of the winner.

VI. No student shall be eligible for more than two prizes during the college year.

VII. Consolation prizes to the value of one dollar (\$1.00) each shall be awarded at the end of the year to those two students who in the judges' opinion are next in order of merit to those who have already received prizes, and who have contributed more than one article to the Magazine.

VIII. Contributions shall be judged by a Judge or Board of Judges (to be appointed by the Magazine Staff) whose opinion shall be final.





Men's Basketball

By the time the Magazine reaches its readers the basketball games played during the term will be only events of the past and the basketball season will have given way to other activities. The season however provided some very interesting games not only because they were keenly contested and exciting at times, but also because our teams won a good majority of the games played.

We were fortunate this year in having at the beginning of the season enough likely looking material to warrant placing two teams on the floor, one of which, although of Intermediate calibre, played only exhibition games, and the other playing in the Junior Section of the Montreal City and District Basketball League. Although the latter outfit won but two of its eight encounters it should be remembered that this is the first year we have been able to place a team in the Junior League since the age limit of players in that section was reduced to twenty years. Under the circumstances it is encouraging to note that we possessed sufficient players to make up a junior team and the program shown by them during the season speaks well for coming years. It is to be hoped that we will soon be able again

to place a team in the regular Intermediate Section of the League.

Probably those Junior players showing the most promise were Bennet, Paige and Olmsted. Bennet as captain of the team proved quite capable. Paige appears to have the makings of a real basketball player. He has the size, stamina and capacity for hard work, and with a little more finish should make an excellent player. On several occasions during the year he was used to advantage on the Senior line-up. Olmsted with his steadiness and shooting ability will be another excellent addition to future Macdonald teams.

Playing a total of eight games against outside teams the Intermediate or Macdonald Senior Team came through the season with six wins to its credit. The first game against Argonauts of Montreal, played on Dec. 13th., was an easy win for Macdonald. Good combination marked the play of the home team. Early in the game Cooke and Brigham found their opponents' basket so that by half time we led by a comfortable margin, the score at that time being 15-4. Argonauts were not measuring up to their game of previous years but came back a little stronger in the second period. However, our

aggregation continued with its sure shooting, further increasing its number of baskets and finishing the game on the long end of a 33-14 score.

The next team to suffer defeat at our hands was the First Presbyterian Church team of Montreal. Macdonald won by the close score of 20-18. This game was marked by considerable roughness especially in the first period. So much so, that the referee threatened to call the game. Not accustomed to such style of play our representatives found themselves on the wane at half time, but coming back strong in the second period and meeting their opponents half way in the rough tactics, they evened the score and then dropped in the winning basket in the dying moments of the game

Two series of home and home games were next played with Sherbrooke and Bishop's College respectively. The week-end of Feb. 7th was set for the annual trip of the Basketball Team. Travelling to Sherbrooke a game was played with Bishop's College on Friday evening, Saturday being reserved for the game with Sherbrooke. Our boys won the latter encounter but went down to defeat at the hands of the sure shooting Bishop's aggregation; the score in this game being 28-21 for Bishop's. With an even break in the number of games won and lost the team returned well satisfied with its trip. The boys not only commented freely upon the friendly reception given them and upon the attention they received during their stay in the Township's Hub, but also made us stay-at-homes envious by their account of the enjoyable evening spent at the home of one of our friends from across the campus.

We witnessed the return encounter with Bishop's College on Saturday, Feb. 21st. The Mac men were keen to reverse the decision of the previous game in Sher-

brooke but their opponents presented an even stronger team than that with which they appeared at home. The addition of Little and McCaw, two excellent shots, greatly strengthened the visitors' line-up; the latter accounting for nine baskets during the game. On the other hand, Macdonald lacked their usual pep and appeared to have gone stale in their shooting and combination work. As a result Bishop's again came out on top, the final score being 36-32.

The following Saturday we entertained the Sherbrooke team in a return game which the Mac team won by the score 21-12. Our boys were again sadly off in their shooting but their combination was working once more and they were thus enabled to register a win.

This concluded the games with outside teams. We might, however, mention the three games played with a local squad composed of members of the staff and other players in the vicinity, and which provided not only good practice for the students but much fun for the spectators. All three games were won by Macdonald, as well as a game played against the "Old Boys" the day following the Boys' Annual Dance. Here we had the opportunity of seeing our old stars "Jimmy" Winters and "Holy" Amaron in action.

It is difficult to record any real outstanding players on the Senior Team as all worked hard and did their share in every game. Capt. Homer Cooke appeared brilliant at times and Brigham, his running mate on the forward line, accounted for many a hard earned basket. Jack was unfortunate in receiving an injury to his hand towards the latter part of the season. "Ken" Harrison upheld the reputation he acquired on the football field and our reliable "Charlie" Fogerty was always a source of worry to many an opposing forward.



Girls' First Basketball Team



Girls' Second Basketball Team

Credit is also due to Paige Rowell who looked after the arduous duties of management during the term, and we also extend our thanks to Dr. Conklin as referee of the majority of the games.

The general line-up of the teams follows:—

Seniors

Cooke, Brigham, Hicks, Harrison, Fogerty, Hill.

Juniors

Olmsted, Fishbourne, Bennet, Paige, Staniforth, Alexander, Ford, Jacobson.

J. D. L.

Girls' Basketball

The various scores run up by the Girls' Basketball Team in no measure represent their splendid team work. They showed good spirit throughout the series of games played, going through to victory four times out of eight.

The first game of the season was played against Trafalgar, the Senior Team only, playing. The score, 48-34, was one to put hope into the new team. There followed however, games with "Physical Eds" in which the scores, Senior 8-67, and Junior 10-67 for the opponents, pulled our players "down a notch or two," so that the Juniors won the game with R. V. C. (30-27), though the Seniors lost, 6-44.

The College was glad to witness a

close contest when the "Old Girls" met the "New." It was only by dint of hard work that our Seniors brought the score up to 32, 8 points over their opponents.

The Junior Team carried the honours when the Y. W. C. A. teams arrived on the scene. The score stood at 29-11 when time was called. The Seniors only managed 17 points against the opposing team's 25.

As we mentioned before, the girls showed good spirit throughout. Their standard of good sportsmanship leaves nothing to be desired. The continued loyalty of Miss Marie Fyfe (forward) Miss Jessie Hall (defence) and Miss Lyle Cummings (centre) should not go unmentioned.





Men's First Basketball Team



Men's Second Basketball Team

Men's Hockey

The hockey season this year was very short indeed and due to bad weather we never had good ice for our games or team practices. Nevertheless with all our misfortunes, our team kept a fair standing. We played six games: we won three and lost three. With a little more practice and more team work we could have won the six games without too much effort on the part of the players. There was too much individual playing in all our games; this is the main cause of our failure this winter.

Saturdays were the only days that we could play visiting teams here and unfortunately we always had poor weather over the week-ends except on January the 17th, when our boys met the Presbyterian College, McGill. It was the first game of the season and quite an interesting one too. The first point was made by Pope during the first period, but before the end of the same period the visitors had one point to their credit. During the second period we took the lead; Scott raised the score to 2 but before the end of the period we were again on the same level as the P. C. In the last two minutes of the last period Walker nested the puck in the visitors' goals and made the final score 3-2 in our favour.

The second game was played against Strathcona here on the following Saturday in a cloud of snow. Strathcona had the advantage over us during the whole game, they scored point and point until they made the final result 4-0.

On February the 9th we played Hudson's English team on their own rink. We won the game after a strenuous combat. During the second period Pope receiving a pass from Taite scored the first and only point of the evening. This game was the fastest game played this winter.

On February the 21st we went down to Sherbrooke to play an exhibition game against the High School. We were disappointed on account of the bad condition of the ice. Our men had to work hard so as to win the game. Walker made a goal in the first period and another one during the second period. At the end of this period the score was 2-2. In the first five minutes of the third period Cooke made a point but Sherbrooke soon added another one to their list. The score remained even until four minutes before the end when Walker making a dash for Sherbrooke's goals scored another point. The final score was 4-3.

The team was challenged by the Presbyterian College whom we played again on February 24th. We lost the game by one point. Until the half of the last period the score was 3-0 for P. C. but Walker, inspired all of a sudden, made two goals.

On March the 3rd we went to Hudson to play against the French team. Though we lost this it was the very best game of the season. Munroe in the goals surpassed himself. Cooke and Tully on defence did some splendid work. If the ice had been better we might have made a better account of ourselves. The final score was 1-0.

Table of Games played

Macdonald	P. C.	3—2
Strathcona	Macdonald	4—0
Macdonald	Hudson	1—0
Macdonald	Sherbrooke	4—3
P. C.	Macdonald	3—2
Hudson	Macdonald	1—0

Line-up of the team.

Munroe,	goals
Pope	centre
Walker	left wing

Taite
Tully
Cooke
McUnn

right wing
left defence
right defence
Substitute.

Scott was only with us for the first game we played, then he had to leave us for the West. With him we lost a very valuable forward.

Girls' Hockey

The Girls' Hockey Team of Macdonald College had a most unfortunate season. Stormy weather prohibited most of the matches taking place. During the whole season but two matches were played, one with Y. M. C. A. and the second with M. S. P. E.—the Macdonald Team losing both games.

Our team was handicapped by the fact that most of the players had had no previous experience in the game but they

are to be admired for the undaunted spirit in which they played the games, especially when they were fully aware that the odds were against them. The girls played and practised with the true "Mac" spirit and although the hockey season was unsuccessful as far as matches are concerned, certainly, the sportsmanship of the Girls' Hockey team was admirable.—Marion Lange (manager).



A Forest Fire

K. A. HARRISON

A sullen, greyish cloud hung in the north, gradually rolling and twisting towards the eastern horizon. Sometimes a great puff of smoke shot up black and sinister, mute evidence of the death of some of the hoary forest monarchs that had stood so long against the storms and gales of past seasons, sometimes it rose like a white fleecy cloud as the fire burned in some swale or along the forest floor.

All afternoon anxious eyes watched, for a forest fire was no new thing in the district. It meant serious financial loss to some, and to the women it meant anxious days and nights. Only two days before the men had been allowed to return after three days of strenuous fire fighting; leaving a few of their number to assist the rangers in watching the smouldering remnants of a successfully fought fire; and now it looked as if they would have to leave again. Something must have gone wrong, either it was carelessness on someone's part or the line had been too long for the limited number of men to cover it as frequently as the dry weather demanded. Anyway, whatever the reason, there was that rolling cloud of smoke driven by the wind.

Experience had taught the neighborhood that one man was as nothing against this demon of destruction. Everyone went on with the spring work, ploughing and harrowing or planting, but no matter how rushed or pressing the job they always kept an eye on the progress of the fire and waited for the call that would bring the men of the surrounding districts together as fire fighters.

As the afternoon wore away, two men

met at the line fence. Their weary teams rested at the ends of the furrows.

"Well Ed! That looks like some fire we've got on our hands this time."

"It certainly is, Harry." Was Ed's remark. "I wonder why the fire warden has not called us out."

"Oh! He went to town this morning. I understand the head fire warden is trying to find him now as the fire has been reported from Penniac. It sure is getting big."

"Yes. I am afraid this will mean no planting next week unless rain comes. That wind has spread it over a lot of country."

"Well! So long Harry. I guess the horses can turn over a few more furrows before supper."

Late that evening the call came. Every able bodied man was to report next morning before three o'clock at Glennie, a siding on the railway within a mile of the fire. The men made the necessary preparations slowly, for it had been a long busy day for most, and came together at a little station on the railway where it entered the forest, from which point they would have to walk. As soon as a few had arrived they set out on the all night tramp along the right-of-way, the most direct and easiest route to travel.

It was a glorious night with the moon nearly full and throwing a flood of silvery radiance across the landscape. The wind had fallen at sunset and only an occasional breeze stirred the tree-tops along the right-of-way. The rails stretched away in front like silver wires between the black walls of conifers on either side. Occasionally everything would be in a shadow as a fleecy cloud momentarily ob-

scured the moon. The only noises were the rustling of the leaves in the night breeze, the calling of the night birds; the rush of a night-hawk with its harsh discordant cry, or the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will away in the forest.

The men, however, paid but scant attention to the beauty of the night; their eyes were on the ominous red glow that showed in the distance and all walked steadily onward with only an occasional low laugh or the clash of a heel on the rails to break the comparative silence. Then someone started to whistle a marching tune, but it seemed out of place and the sounds gradually ceased as the weariness of the day's work and the long walk began to make itself felt. The glare in the sky was gradually decreasing as though the fire was receding into the distance. Would it ever be reached? The fine flavour of adventure which the fire fighting expedition held for the younger members of the party began to wear away.

Everything must end however, and the various parties came at last to the lumber camp and saw-mill on the siding that were to be the headquarters of the fire fighters. The cookhouse was already alight and occupied by a cook preparing an early breakfast for the millhands and fire fighters. He gave the latest news and outlined the plans of the fire wardens as he cooked. Three-quarters of an hour before the start; so everyone hunted for a place to rest and naturally turned to the two bunk-houses standing on the edge of the little clearing. These, like the cook-house, were low and squat and constructed of logs, the crevices being chinked with moss. Here the snoring told of earlier arrivals, already snatching a much needed rest before they would be called on. The latest also lay down for a few minutes sleep but it was apparently only an instant before all were aroused

to make their way sleepily to the cook-house where the cook had finished preparing breakfast. Everyone fell to with a will and the amount of food consumed and washed down with strong black tea was astonishing; there was bulk if not quality to the food and appetites were too keen to be finicky. The experienced were not sure when they would see the next full meal, so they stocked up against possible famine.

Immediately after breakfast the necessary preparations were completed. Surplus dunnage was left and the men divided into parties under the various fire wardens. The equipment consisted mostly of shovels. A few carried axes and one member of each party carried a large pail for water. The men started away from the camp in groups, laughing and talking and a strange nondescript looking crew they were. Each dressed in the oldest clothes possible which would stand the strain. They looked like a desperate crew of hoboes on some questionable escapade. They wore old felt hats and ragged caps for headgear, the one necessity being to have a protection for the face and eyes. Many of the men had missed the Saturday night shave, which is nearly as much an institution in agricultural districts as the Saturday night bath is to the world in general. There were no marked signs of fatigue however after the night's walk; long hours of following the plough had given them endurance and the hands that grasped the handles of shovels and axes were hard and horny from years of handling these and other tools.

The sun was still below the horizon as the parties left the little clearing. They were guided by a ranger who had been on duty the day before, and he led them along a slight trail in the general direction of the fire. The East was becoming

pale yellow, giving promise of a clear sunrise, a sight seldom seen by any but farmers and other outdoor workers. There was no wind now even to make a stir in the fir trees or rustle the leaves of the delicate white birch; only the early songs of the forest birds echoing flute-like from the underbrush on all sides. There was not the slightest evidence to show that a great forest fire had been raging within a short distance. The damp night air and the heavy dew had moistened the undergrowth so that the fire could no longer make rapid progress. The party left the green woods suddenly and came out into the original source of the fire. Tall trees blackened and leafless stood with their bare limbs outlined against the glow of the sunrise. Desolation was written everywhere and even the men became silent. The only point in its favour as one man pointed out was that the hordes of mosquitoes that had been such a plague in the woods had been destroyed here.

As the party proceeded the peculiarly acrid smell of freshly burnt wood permeated the atmosphere more and more strongly. Here and there a few wisps of smoke rose straight into the air like Indian signals against the men's advance. Over on the right the guide pointed out where the fire started, the scene of a hard struggle to keep it out of a valuable block of timber by taking full advantage of a moist swale and an old wood road. A couple of men were left to watch this section and the rest followed along to where the fire had held full sway. The various parties spread out along the irregular line of smouldering fire. The heavy dew and the fall in wind and temperature had been enough check so that most of the fire was smouldering in the dead leaves or the resinous roots underground. The axe-men went first cutting

away wind-falls and removing them from the path, while the men with shovels followed and cleared away the leaves and rubbish so that a path of fresh soil was formed across which the fire could not creep. As each crew worked along it got smaller and smaller as man after man was left at regular intervals to patrol the path and see that everything went right.

The sun was well up and everyone was tired and hungry when the last of the path was finished. From now on it was a matter of watching to see that sparks did not jump across. The dew had completely dried up by eleven o'clock and a little breeze from the West kept everyone on the alert. The men unpacked lunches and still watching, ate. Some were in open country or along the edge of some natural barrier. These could see their whole beat from one spot so they sat back in comparative ease and watched for signs of smoke. The breeze that had been so balmy and gentle all morning began to freshen at noon and a thousand tiny columns of smoke appeared in the burnt area, showing where sparks had been lying dormant. An old resinous pine stump that stood on the edge of the fire line blazed furiously and took many shovelfuls of earth before the danger of flying sparks was past. A call for help came from the left and proved on investigation to have been well warranted, for an old hollow stub had finally burnt off at the ground and fallen across the fire-line scattering burning pieces of wood in all directions. Fifteen minutes of hard work and the fire line was changed to include this new menace.

The danger however increased all the time and in places the very soil seemed to burn. It was only the accumulation of partly rotten leaves, but frequently the fire line had to be deepened.

A cloud of smoke rolled up on the right. The fire had gotten away from someone. Word soon came along the line for everyone to get to the new outbreak at once as it was especially dangerous. It proved to be in an old slashing and waste lumber, limbs and tree tops were lying criss-crossed in one desperate tangle cut by a net-work of small paths where the logs had been twitched out. A fire warden was directing affairs and ordered all rubbish to be cleared away from one of the wider paths. Everyone went to work with a will. Some chopping away the tangle of tree tops while others scooped away the turf. The fire crept closer and closer, the flames leaping high into the air but the men continued to work desperately with their backs to the terrific heat. Here and there men threw earth onto the fire to check it. The heat quickly became too great and the men moved away to get a breath of fresh air and a brief rest; in others the smoke interfered with the workers and every once in awhile one would run out choking and coughing for fresh air, until all had to withdraw. The men were constantly on the alert however and the least spark that flew across the line was promptly smothered with soil. It got a footing across the line once when the smoke was too low to get a clear view but the men pulled down their hats and with heads down ran in close enough to throw earth on the creeping fire; out again for another shovelful and back until it was completely smothered. The flames slowly fell as they came to the fire line and the available fuel was consumed. The men rested for a few moments. Every face was streaked from smoke and perspiration where the heat had dried the skin until it felt like parchment. The youngest member of the party returned with a pail of water and a rush was made to get at least a mouthful.

As the danger lessened the men gradually dispersed going to their respective beats, but they had been away too long. Little fires had crossed in several places at once. The crew was not large enough to cope with the situation and by three o'clock that Sunday afternoon the fire had gotten away in half a dozen places and was running before the wind. The great trees were going with a crash. It was an awe inspiring sight to see the flames leap up through the resinous needles of a tall pine or spruce with a roar that could easily be heard for half a mile. By four o'clock the fire had become so general that it was no longer safe to fight and the men were called to the sides and fought only to keep it from spreading out sideways. By six they were told to quit for the day. The next day another attempt would be made to hold the fire, but a good night's rest was first necessary for the men were too nearly played out to be efficient any longer.

The men trudged wearily westward with the fire lighting up the sky to the East. Was there ever a more welcome sight than that lumber camp? It is doubtful. It was a chance to get one's fill of clear cold spring water, a wash in the brook, a hot supper and a hard bunk. The mosquitoes were in clouds but a little smoke drove them out of the bunk house until everyone was asleep and that was all that was needed that night. The only man awake being the cook rattling the supper dishes as he washed them in the cook house.

This existence went on for nearly a week. It was no longer an adventure but cruelly discouraging work with the fire gradually spreading. On the days that there was very little wind the fighters held the fire, but it was only smouldering underground. The first breeze soon fanned it into flames in too many places to

watch, and it would be sure to break across the fire line somewhere.

Then one afternoon things took a different turn. The wind shifted around from the West to the North and drove the fire across the right-of-way with a rush. The next day it was in the West again but now there was a personal interest for a small settlement was in its path. The men were rushed to that side of the railway and managed to check it. Extra care was taken in constructing the fire line and by the evening the danger appeared to be over. The following day only a few men were told off to watch but they were not enough. That afternoon word was sent to rush everyone to the south of the railway again and to try and hold the fire along an old lumber road that lay at an angle to the path of the flames. The wind was blowing briskly and the men were hurrying along in small parties towards the old road when the fire swept down barring the way for most; some ten men were on the other side and the fire was going too fast to get ahead of it and even made the men hustle in getting back to the safety of the railway.

It was an anxious time but nothing could be done; the fire demon held full control or nearly so, for later it was found that though the party in advance had the fire on their heels they did not lose their heads. They reached the roadway and

spread out along it. Holding the fire from crossing until it ran itself into a boggy country. The danger to the settlement was past for that day. They were successful but completely exhausted. They had done the work that was considered difficult for four times their number.

The fire however had run its course for rain came that night. The next day the crew was disbanded and started for home as quickly as possible. If they looked a nondescript crowd to start with it was nothing to their appearance on their return. Their clothing was ragged and torn from travelling through the woods. Shoes, old to start with, were falling to pieces from the hot ashes and hard wear and everyone now had at least a week's growth of beard frequently darkened with smoke, charcoal or cinders that had remained after hasty toilets.

It was an experience not soon to be forgotten and the outward marks were only removed after long and painful scrubbing. Memory however brings it all back as vividly as though it had occurred yesterday. The long night tramp, the strain and hurry of the days of fire fighting. The last afternoon of suspense when the party was cut in two by the rush of flame and most of the fighters became mere onlookers, and then the feeling of relief when the rain came and we knew that it was over.



Attaining Manhood

BY JAMES CAMERON

One of the strongest ambitions of boyhood is to become a man; that is, to gain the outward semblance of manhood. To this end, from the cradle to maturity we emulate the actions, the appearance of some older person whose general *savoir faire* of the so-called manly arts and attributes appeals to our senses. In many cases we imitate those with whom we most come in contact.

In our very early childhood this emulation may take the form of a very simple and harmless type of diversion. There are very few of us who have not spent some dreary wet afternoons happily occupied, delving into stores of old clothes. With an old coat hanging down to our knees and in the sleeves of which we lose our hands, with trousers tripping us up at every step we swagger about, satisfied that clothes make the man.

As we become more venturesome we covet some of man's more personal and peculiar habits. Through our adolescent years "Lady Nicotine" exercises a potent and fascinating attraction. In lieu of the real article, "leaves," a common weed known to the initiated as "Monkey's Tobacco" and various other available substitutes are used. When we are able to smoke our first real cigarette without experiencing various qualms in our gastric region we feel quite proud of ourselves.

The real threshold of manhood is reached, however, when we attain our first long trousers. From that period onward periodical and anxious examinations are made of our still smooth features for signs of hairy outgrowths.

'Tis said, "That familiarity breeds contempt." All these erstwhile joys fade into insignificance and shaving becomes a curse; yet there is still one more height

to be attained. The moustache is the acme of manly beauty.

As I glance back in retrospection I believe that the ill-defined wish for one of these facial adornments was always with me; but kept well in the background. Mine was a modest hope. I did not covet one of those large and magnificent moustachios as worn by the dashing Cossack or yet one of the chic little embellishments favored by Charlie Chaplin — I was content with a moustache of sorts.

It requires a high grade of mental courage to subject oneself to this crucial test of manhood; but I was emboldened by the success of heroes who had preceded. I was determined to have a moustache.

After an interval of two weeks' prayerful waiting I was able, with persistent concentration to perceive a nebulous shadowy line extending across my upper lip. This I coaxed along with many endearing terms and may I blush to write it — hair tonic. I experienced one of the proudest moments of my life when some kindly person informed me that I had a smudge on my face somewhat detracting from my personal appearance. Since that time I have been alternately in the throes of joy and despair. One moment under the proper conditions of light and shadows I see a semblance of what I desire; the next it has disappeared.

Should my academic standard suffer under this strain, I implore the authorities to consider my case with indulgence and sympathy, not to say pity. I request all my acquaintances to give me due encouragement by daily remarking on the progress I am making to achieve my objective.

Through the White Mountains

C. D. FOGERTY

There are three routes through the White Mountains used by the automobile tourist. These are by the three notches Crawford, Franconia and Dixville. There are other roads but these three have been improved by the state and are therefore used more than any others. They also lead most directly through the mountains and are also used for their shortness. Crawford and Franconia Notches are in the Presidential range and are only a short distance apart. Dixville is in the northern part of the state and is about a hundred miles from the other two. All three are in the state of New Hampshire.

In the west the easiest town from which to reach Crawford and Franconia is Littleton. Leaving this place we climb steadily until we reach Bethlehem. Going through Bethlehem and on up the hill we come to a fork. To the right is the way to Franconia Notch and to the left is the way to Crawford Notch. A pleasant way to see both is to go down through Crawford and come back through Franconia.

Ever since leaving Littleton we have been climbing steadily. At the same time the country has been getting rougher and more sparsely settled. Except for summer homes and hotels there are few houses. From Bethlehem on the mountains have been getting higher and higher. Modern engineering skill, however, has found the way through these mountains where there are the fewest hills and the least gradients to be climbed.

With Mount Washington, the highest point of land in the eastern part of the United States, on the port bow as it

were, we approach the notch. There is a high valley or tableland here which has been turned into a summer playground. Huge hotels which are vacant all winter shelter hundreds each summer who come here to enjoy a vacation.

The dominant feature of the landscape is Mount Washington. It rises several thousand feet above the road and overshadows all the other mountains near it. Its upper part is nothing but a mass of scarred rocks. All the vegetation present up there is a scattering of stunted softwood trees. Down the sides of these rocks can be seen the marks left by past snow-and land-slides.

The notch itself is barely wide enough to allow the passage of the wagon road, the railroad and a tumbling little stream that has worn itself a bed well below the level of the road. On either side the mountains rise abruptly several hundred feet above us. The rise in the approach to the notch from the north and west has been so gradual, that the height to which we have climbed has not been realized. After passing through the notch, though, the road pitches down Tug-of-war Hill which is steep enough to try the brakes of any car and the nerves of many drivers. While a way has been cut for the railroad well up on the side of the mountain, the road follows the valley which is deep and enclosed on each side by mountains of bare rock. In order to preserve the beauty of this region for future generations, this valley has been made a national forest and is looked after by the nation.

As we descend farther and farther the valley slowly widens out, the stream which we have been following begins to run more

slowly and there are more quiet eddies in it while the hills on either side become lower. Another thirty miles takes us out of the mountains and we are ready to swing west and north to get back to Franconia Notch.

Approaching Franconia Notch we notice many points similar to those seen when leaving Crawford Notch. The road climbs faster than it did on our approach to the mountains on the way down. While there are none as steep or as long as Tug-of-war Hill, there are many gradients which well deserve the name of hill. Coming in from the south it takes longer to reach Franconia Notch than it does Crawford Notch. There is a longer stretch of mountainous country than in the other case but here the country is not so rugged. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the hills seem to be more heavily wooded.

Neither do the mountains impress one as the approach to Franconia Notch is made. The most wonderful thing here is the great stone face or "The Old Man of the Mountain" as it is called. High up near the summit of one of the mountains the crags are so formed that they look like a man's profile. The impression given is of an old Roman bust. It is only at a certain angle that the profile is visible.

Near the Old Man is Mirror Lake which is also one of the attractions of this route. The early morning is the best time to visit this. Lying in among the hills its surface is as quiet as the mirror it is named for. In the half-dusk of early morning it is hard to tell where the land finishes and the reflection begins.

From Franconia Notch to Bethlehem

is only a short distance and we are back on our original route.

Dixville Notch is far wilder than the other two. Neither is it on the direct route between any cities of size so there is far less traffic through it. The mountains here show the effects of glacial action and weathering more than do those further south. The hills are lower and more rounded. Approaching from the west we follow the Connecticut River up as far as Colebrook and then swing into the mountains. The low, rounded mountains, heavily timbered, the easily flowing brooks and the general peacefulness of the country make this an enticing district for anyone who wishes a quiet holiday. There is a steep climb on each side of the notch. Looking back to the west we can see into the Connecticut valley with Mount Monadnock as a background. To the east more woods and mountains are all that are in sight.

After climbing down from the notch we traverse a deserted valley between wooded mountains. Off the main road and away from the railroad many of the farms here have been deserted. The old buildings are being torn down and the fields put back into forest. It is a desolate picture and we are glad to escape through another range of mountains by way of Grafton Notch. Soon after passing this notch we cross the Maine boundary and pass the southern end of Lake Umbagog, the furthest south of the Rangeley Lakes. This lake stretches off to the north with many arms and bays reaching among the woods.

From here out to Bethel, on the Androscoggin River, the country is wild and sparsely settled and, as in all wild spots, every turn in the road brings some new view of beauty into sight.

Quebec Beauty Spots

C. D. FOGERTY

After six or seven seasons of travelling about this province there are a few spots which stand out in my memory as being especially worthy of remembrance.

There is a point in the Eastern Townships near the north end of Orford Mountain that will always be clear in my mind's eye. From a little rise of several hundred feet the view stretches to the southeast. A little piece to the left a bald knob forms a frame to the picture on that side. On the right a long, narrow lake, backed by a line of hills, forms the other side of the frame. Directly in front of us and a half a mile down the slope lies Orford Lake with Orford Mountain directly behind it. On all visible land there is a clothing of timber. We are within a mile of several farmhouses but from all that can be seen, one would think oneself in the midst of a primeval forest.

A hard day's tramp will take us from our last position to the summit of Orford Mountain. To the west the view is limited by Shefford Mountain. To the north the shoulders of Orford itself limit the outlook. To the south and southeast, though, there is a succession of hills, ponds and lakes for many miles. On a clear day there are over a dozen lakes in sight. These range in size from little ponds of not over an acre in extent to Lake Memphremagog, which stretches off to the south until it disappears around Owl's Head. Again the most noticeable feature of the country is that it seems to be heavily wooded.

A few hours drive from Orford and in a corner of Brome County there is a road which winds through a pleasant, hilly country as though it cares little where it leads to. Coming down a little rise we

cross a rumbling old wooden bridge over what seems to be a common little brook. If the traveller wishes to stop his car or if he is driving a horse — as so few of us do to-day — he will hear the noise of a fall not far away. Investigation shows that the noise comes from a few yards below the bridge. Through the centuries the brook has worn a gorge back from the lower country about a mile away, and into this the water tumbles in a foamy cascade. A climb down into this gorge and once more we have left civilization behind. Overhead a strip of blue sky bordered by the waving branches of trees, is all that can be seen. In front of us the water comes pouring over the rocks to land in a pool where bits of driftwood attempt to escape from the clasping fingers of the eddies. In the more quiet sections of the pool trout rise to the surface, marking little ripples like enlarging bulls-eyes. Below us the stream bends out of sight and we are alone in a little pocket of the world.

At a point on the Sherbrooke-Quebec highway the road winds around the shoulder of a hill well above the floor of the valley. Below us the hill drops steeply until it meets the border of a narrow lake. The waters of this lake are dark and forbidding and to complete the feeling of desolation, the hill which is just beyond this water has been stripped by fire. Rocks and the twisted skeletons of forest trees give the beholder a weird sensation. Whether this is an arm of Black Lake I do not know, but Black is the only name that describes it. With its sombre look it seems that all kinds of gnomes must inhabit it.

From the walk in front of the citadel

at Quebec the view either up or down the river is one which impresses the observer. From this high point the cliffs of the south shore of the river and the upper end of the Island of Orleans seem to imprison the stream, and the effect is one of mighty majesty. The ceaseless movement of the water and the solid strength of the rock walls on either side impress upon one the forces which are forever battling in nature. Up the river, man has invaded the scene and a buttress of the Quebec bridge can be seen reaching out from the side of this moat built by nature.

There are numerous points in the Lau-

rentians from which glimpses of ten or eleven lakes can be had. Again the most striking feature of the view is its wildness. Houses disappear among the trees. Here and there a bit of roadway may wind into sight just to remind us that we are not very far from civilization. In other spots even the roads have disappeared.

It is this solitary feeling that gives many of Quebec's beauty spots their charm. Man, with his dams, his railroads, his powerlines and his cities, has not yet reached enough of the country to make it necessary to travel far from any place in order to find some natural spot of beauty.





Vice Versa

He—"Please come out into the garden with me."

She—"Oh no! I mustn't go out without a chaperon."

He—"But we don't need one."

She—"Then I don't want to go."

A Lingering Effect

Post Grad—"I once loved a girl who made a fool of me."

Senior—"What a lasting impression some girls make!"

The Egoist

Homemaker—"What makes you think he is conceited?"

Jr. Ad—"He had a birthday last week and he sent a telegram to congratulate his mother."

Beware of Eavesdroppers!

One night recently (after six o'clock) a Homemaker who took refuge in the post office 'phone booth at the approach of two dapper staff members from across the campus is said to have overheard them greeting each other as follows: "Hello, old chap, I rather expected to see you last night.....how did you amuse yourself anyhow?" "Well, replied the other, with a reminiscent grin, "as a matter of fact, I was — er — spending the evening with you."

Third Year Student to photographer: "As this picture is to appear in the McGill Annual, I hope you will do me justice."

"It's not justice you want," replied the weary photographer, preparing to waste a tenth plate, "it's mercy."

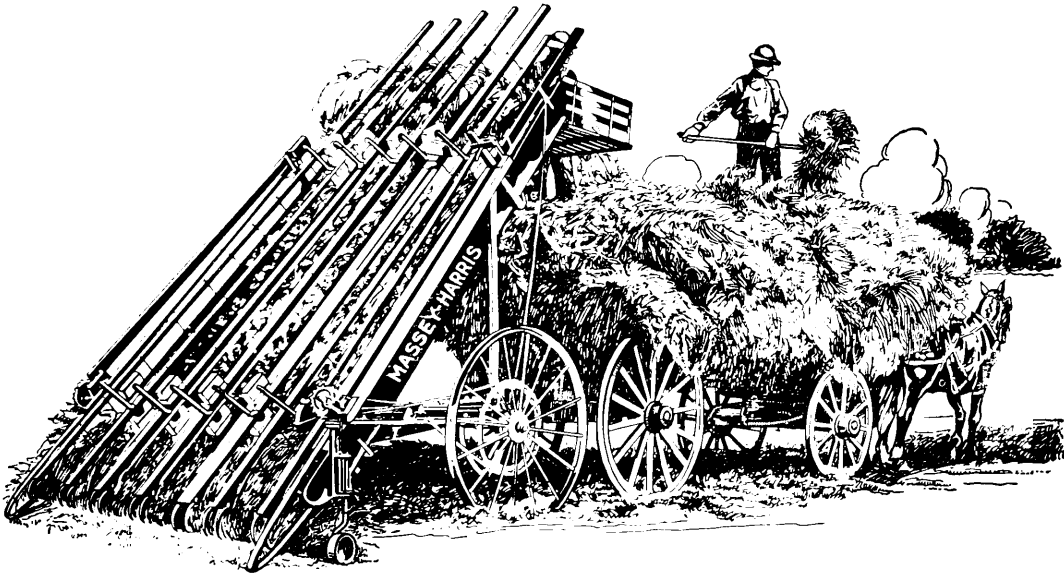
DEBATE

Many nights at midnight dreary
While I read till eyes were bleary
Suddenly would come a pounding
And the voice of some one sounding
Shouting loudly "Singapore."

Then the evening with my dearie,
Listening to the clapping cheery,
When the big debate was ended
Praises to the judge ascended
Victory for Singapore.

—E. L. E.

It has been brought to our notice the Poultry is the only department of Macdonald to which special reference is made in the Alma Mater Song—
Great our affections, tho' feeble our lays.



Load Your Hay Quickly and Easily

With a Massey-Harris Hay Loader

How simple it is to take advantage of good weather when you have a Massey-Harris Hay Loader. Just hitch it behind the wagon, drive ahead, and up comes the hay—you can build a load in a few minutes. And when you are working against time, it means something to have a loader that you can't tire, one that finishes the day as strong as it started.

Massey-Harris Hay Loaders are made in Rake-Bar and Cylinder styles and are made to handle the hay gently and positively.

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